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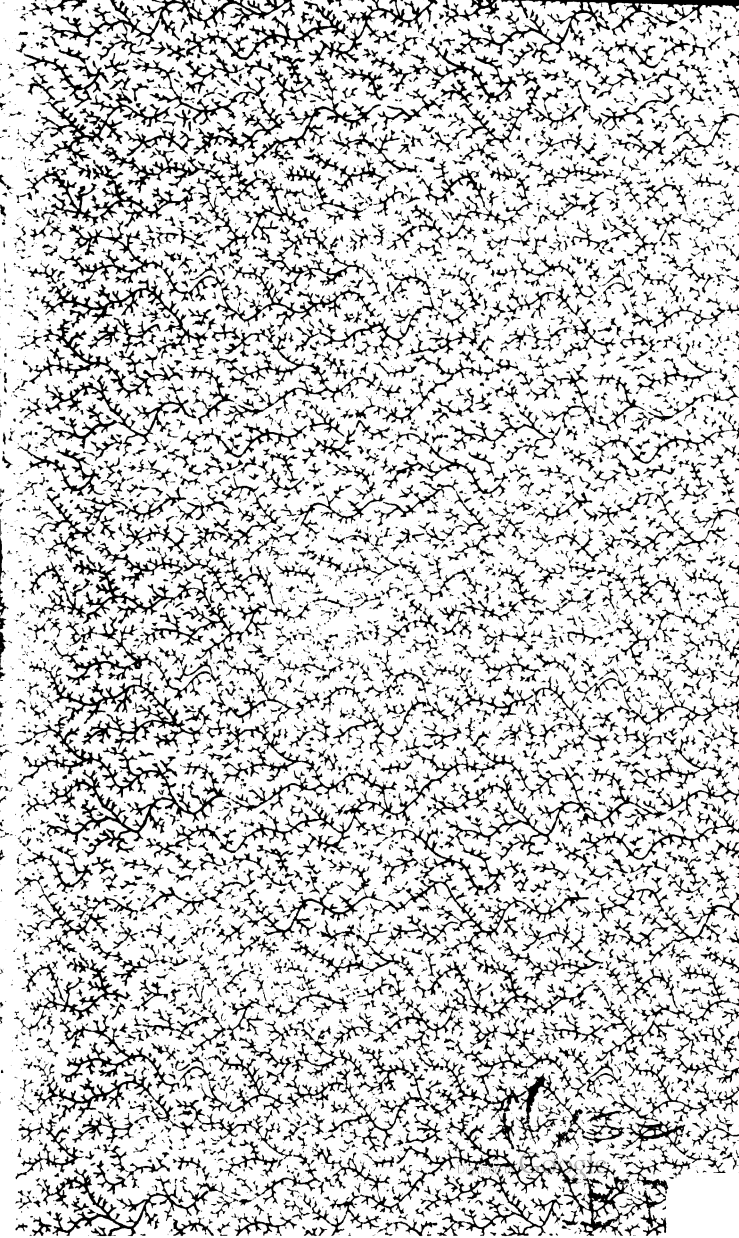


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THE
CONTINENTAL
TRAVELLER'S ORACLE;
OR,
MAXIMS
FOR FOREIGN LOCOMOTION.

BY
DR. ABRAHAM ELDON, *pseud.*
Thomas F. Wyse
EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW, B. Wyse

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

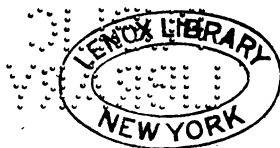
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TO
THE YET UNTRAVELLED PORTION OF
THE BRITISH NATION
(IF SUCH THERE BE)
THE FOLLOWING WORK
(IN WHICH THE ART OF TRAVELLING
IS MADE EASY,
AND THE MOST IGNORANT AND INDOLENT
RENDERED, IN THE SPACE OF A FEW MONTHS,
ILLUSTRIOUS TOURISTS, TOUR WRITERS,
AND JINERS OUT.)
IS PRESENTED,
WITH ALL DUE TENDERNESS AND HUMILITY,
BY THEIR FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN
AND DEVOUT WELL-WISHER,
THE AUTHOR.

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YHABU

P R E F A C E.

THE following MS. fell into my hands in rather a singular manner. Being suddenly called to Florence in the Summer of 18—, by the unexpected death of my Uncle, I spent several days in examining his assets, with the intention of taking an Inventory. I had nearly completed my task, when an old court-suit which had hitherto escaped my attention, was carelessly thrown by my servant into the place which it had formerly occupied in the wardrobe. In passing, I observed a small volume drop from the embroidered waistcoat: I took it up with-

out any emotion of curiosity ; but on opening it, was much surprised to find a very legible MS. in my own language, but written, as it seemed, in a neat Italian hand. A visitor calling at the time prevented me from examining it with more attention. A few days after, I quitted Florence, and wishing to avail myself of this fortunate opportunity of prolonging my excursion to the South, took the road to Naples. In the course of my tour, I had full time to appreciate the merits and demerits of the production. If I did not always feel satisfied with the accuracy of the remarks, it would be affectation to deny that I derived some instruction and more pleasure from its perusal. But I have not, I hope, permitted my affection for my deceased relative, in any instance, to prevail over a sounder spirit of criticism. I shall neither extenuate, nor condemn ;—my intention is to edit, not to write, a volume.

The peculiar gravity of my Uncle's character, as well perhaps as the facility with which, in the latter years of men's existence, the reserved and intellectual gradually drop out of the circle of their living acquaintances, will, I trust, prove a sufficient apology for many apparent incongruities, which must strike the most casual reader. But I should have injured much the general colour of his observations, had I attempted to correct or improve. People laugh and weep in one year, in a different manner from what they do in another: the same privilege should be extended to travelling. One thing is clear throughout,—a sincere desire to benefit his countrymen, and to exalt the *profession*, as he sometimes called it, into something nobler than can be inferred from its present exercise. When any sensible variation, however, has occurred since the original was composed, I have thought it a

part of the duty of an Editor to hint it to the public, in as delicate a manner as was in my power. My own experience, trifling as it is, has often furnished me with the opportunity, and sometimes with the means. Wherever such suggestions have been hazarded, they will be found headed by an asterisk, and separated with care from the original text.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,
BY HIMSELF.**

VOL. I.

B

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

BY HIMSELF.

I HAVE always thought, from the time I first read Gulliver's Travels, that one of the most interesting considerations which could attract the attention of a reader, was, what fashion of man was the author himself; whether he rose late, or early, took snuff, or wore spectacles, not to mention the endless varieties of feature and colour, which go to the making up of a conscientious and well-favoured portrait. I see no good reason why posterity should not feel much the same sort of interest about me and my likeness, that I

have often felt, unsolicited, about that of others; and not willing to trust myself to the imagination of most readers, I have thought it a duty to give some kind of etching of my outward self, to be placed at the head of this volume. An innate and invincible modesty has often, indeed, restrained the execution of this project; and if any thing approach in the following sketch to the opinions I entertain on the subject, let the reader set it down, I pray him, quite as much to accident as choice.

I had, at first, the intention of substituting an engraving of a cameo, executed for me in my younger days in this self-same city, for a less concise mode of expressing my lineaments. Many interesting recollections were attached to this likeness: it was thought good by dear and deceased critics; and I am, as most men who have lived long and much, a devout worshipper of Lavater. There is an engraver* of some merit in Flo-

* Raphael Morghen. The cameo was a present from the lady mentioned a little later in the text.

rence, whose name is not wholly unknown to the inhabitants of Scandinavia. I proposed to him, after much preliminary arrangement, the execution of this important work; but finding he could not finish it in such a manner as to do us both credit under the immoderate sum of fifty crowns, and apprehensive he would pass off, into something common-place, the marked traits of my character, I was, on reflection, induced to withdraw it from his hands after he had got every thing in preparation; a trouble which I now remember cost me very nearly twenty. I have consequently preferred the task of being my own artist, which, besides its economy, is likely to prove as accurate a mode as any other; and I sit down to this moral outline with less intention of flattery, and with, I hope, as much chance of hitting off a "striking resemblance" as most other artists

It was encrusted on the lid of a plain lava snuff-box, with an inscription inside in praise of fidelity, in rather ill-spelt English.

of better report and higher pretension in my line or neighbourhood.

I was born, God be thanked, in England; and, what is yet better, in the North; in a county which still retains something of the right-forward, bluff, bull character of the Saxon, and has not yet been sophisticated, after eight hundred years, by the French frivolities of the Invader. I was born of good and honest parents, who ought to have been rich, and were very poor. My father was a mild man for his times, and saw no more evil in others than he found in himself. He went on hoping to his death; and the very day of his decease had laid out a plan for a long life. I shall never forget his large blue eyes, which had been rarely filled by a tear, and his mouth, which was always dimpled, whether his flocks or crops failed or prospered, into a smile. He used to sit whole evenings building certainties out of shadows, and counting every spark in the cinders of his grate. I never heard him say a harsh

word even to his blind horse, who in stumbling had nearly twice killed him.

My mother was as good a mother as could be when alone, and a chaste and charitable wife; but she had drunk the whole of the potion which was intended for both, and did not appear, I am sorry to say, very much the better for the draught.

The ingredients of both their characters were mixed up in their son. I was as resigned as my father, and often as unhappy as my mother. I wish they had so managed it that I had been either of the two wholly, rather than, as I was, both.

We were three brothers in the family; the eldest, Daniel, of whose fame no one can be ignorant who knows any thing of our courts of law; the second, Rodolph, who entered the army in an untoward moment, notwithstanding all the flattering assertions of my father to the contrary; for the day after he joined his regiment he was killed off in a forlorn hope. I was the third.

The minister of our parish gave me my name: my father thought it an admirable one; my mother wished it had been any other; and my old maiden aunt settled the question between them, and already laid me aside as pickled and preserved for the Church. I have since often thought that my father was in the right. Abraham, in somewise, may be said to token my propensity to travelling.

I grew up apace, and could never be separated from the tall schoolmaster. He had been as far as London, and was the Marco Polo of the neighbourhood. He narrated his travels with the true unction; every one believed him, for no one had been so far.

At ten years old I was the most demure, silent, best combed, and best washed little boy in the village. No one could say a word against me, but that I ate my cakes in a corner, and followed every carriage which passed by. I had also a great veneration for coachmen, admired fingerposts and mileposts, and considered them great inventions; and,

by long walks and numerous inquiries from the waggoners, at length learned the name and distance of every hamlet in the neighbourhood. I was caressed every where, and was of as much use and importance in the house as the clock or the almanack. The whole family soon observed these incipient talents, but altogether mistook their destiny and direction. My father, in rubbing down my head by the blaze of his winter's fire, before the evening candles had been yet brought in, used often to say, with a smile which could only belong to a mouth and a disposition like his,—“ Well ! what thinkest thou now, Martha—was there ever yet head better shaped for a mitre ?—Turn round, Aby, dear, and go and show thyself to thine aunt.” And my aunt, immediately bringing up to his assistance all the fasti of the family, with a significant shake of the head, which it was said she had inherited from the judge, my grandfather, often observed—“ He has, in truth, the same cut of feature as his granduncle, Zachary, who, had he lived ten years

longer, would certainly have got the rectory he was promised by his deceased patron; and you know, brother, the step from that to a bishopric is not much more than stepping over our next stile." My father laughed aloud in the joy of his heart, and I was too nearly concerned not to believe in the prophecy. The reader will see later, how I was destined to belie both.

In due time I was given the Bible to read; but it was seen with regret, that the history of Joseph, and the separation of Lot and Abraham, was particularly thumbed over; nor could "Orthodoxy, on the *one* path, by a Pilgrim of Grace," which was immediately put into my hands, recall me from my vocation to *many*. My aunt, who saw this with pain, thought no time was to be lost, and handing me over to a neighbouring clerk, recommended the constant inculcation of the love of our fellow creatures, that is of our fellow villagers, the superiority of England over every other country in the world, and of our village over every English village,

past, present, or to come; and finally, my own superiority, provided I stayed at home, over every one of my fellow villagers, the rector only and the justice excepted. A great deal was likewise to be said upon outlandish airs, foreign fooleries, and gew-gaws, dogs of Frenchmen, Pope and Popery, English beef and knives, and the glory and grandeur of her Church and churchmen. Once a week, indeed, when I dined with the curate and the family over a sirloin, which was as large as our pew, and a plumb-pudding hardly to be equalled by any barrow in the neighbourhood, I confessed I often thought that my aunt was a sensible woman, and there was nothing like home and the Thirty-nine Articles. Perhaps I might have continued to think so still, could it have been explained to me that home was not less home, because I was away from it, in France, nine months out of the twelve, or I less orthodox, or a more sincere lover of the Church, or an abhorrer of Popery, because, of the Thirty-nine Articles which formed my faith, I did not

quite believe nine. But I was simple, and my aunt old; neither of us anticipated the improvements which were destined to come in, with gas, and steam-boats, and, instead of fattening like the favoured ox in a stall, I turned out like an ass to starve upon brambles and lean heath. Yet let me not say that thereof I repent: every thing was for the best, as my father said when he broke his leg; nor in my comfortable three-roomed lodging at Florence, whatever haps may have come between, have I ever ceased to say the same.

In my fifteenth year it was thought necessary to send me to college: a small fund which fortunately fell to my father's lot, though he was the twentieth in remainder, and which for ten days gave him a complete vindication of the ways of Providence over the repinings of my mother, furnished the means. I was provided with a black suit and portmanteau, well stored, not with linen, but a small library of the newest tracts, and sent

up as pale, and full of grace, as any lately chosen vessel of the word, to Cambridge.

The day of my departure was a day of bitterness, a day of weeping and gnashing of teeth for every one but myself. The whole collection of my aunt's blue pocket-handkerchiefs was exhausted ;—my father almost forgot his smile, and my mother wailed and railed alternately at my father. She wept over my approaching departure as if it had been my dissolution ; and now and then so lamentably, that, notwithstanding the rambling instinct within me, Nature asserted her pre-eminence and privilege, and kindly extracted a parting tear.—But what real traveller, albeit he hath never yet tasted of its delights, can resist the cheering sound of coach-wheels rattling over a village pavement, and a cracking whip, and a cry from all the servants at once, that every thing is at last ready, and the nursery is about to give up its supremacy to the public school. I could ill disguise the pleasure within me, though

I believe it was very wrong, and for some moments felt the pains of parting to the quick. Nor to this hour, can I blot from my memory, the last view which I took of my home, my father weeping for the first time, my mother rushing back to the house, and my aunt, with both her hands upraised, and the tears streaming down her face, invoking the God of Abraham to protect me.

I soon arrived at Cambridge—but a confirmed traveller: a few hundred miles had developed the propensity within me. No man of genius has ever shown it with the consent of his parents. I had as little encouragement, and perhaps as much daring in that way as others.

My stay at the University was measured by weeks and months. I studied, at least read, ate, drank, and served, like others: came away nearly as I went, and left most of the Latin, and all the Greek, with my old clothes, behind me. I passed, and my servant said, with distinction:—my Divinity lectures had been counted:—I was weighed

in the balance—found heavy, (my fees being duly paid,) and thrown in with the crowd. A degree crowned the hopes of the family—the day of ordination approached—the vineyard and its good things opened upon my fantasy, but man proposes and God disposes; the resolves of the prudent in their generation, are often but as chaff before the wind. The general habit of my body and mind fitted me eminently for the highest clerical functions; few and gentle cares, good living, a certain comfortable Beotian crassitude in the air, had still farther rounded and dignified my proportions. There was a calm philosophic rubicundity about my features, and an imposing adipose in my figure which was the envy of all the younger candidates for holy orders. I had changed completely in my person; and from the meagre postulant which I was on my first appearance at the University, was now considered as one of the most pious, corpulent, and serious-tongued young men whom Alma Mater had for many years presented to the rejoicing arms of the

Church triumphant. No one who looked in my face could for a moment entertain any fear of my defection after the muddy waters of heresy, from the living streams and good pastures of orthodoxy.

Since that time, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*—years, malady, other climes, other cares, have done more for me, and in a more unkind way, than all the austerities of the Benedictine. A single night drowned in oblivion all my recommendations and testimonia, changed my aunt into a repiner and almost a malignant, and put the church and its livings, fold and shepherd, for ever out of my grasp and mind. On the very eve of my intended ordination, I was seized with a violent fit of the gout, and my life almost despaired of. The conjectures which such a catastrophe circulated were much to my disadvantage, and a bottle of brandy, which my servant had unconsciously left under my bed, for the purpose of cleaning his boots, was held to be the proximate cause of my misfortune,—such is the malignancy of candi-

dates, even for the holiest of all states—*tantane animis cælestibus iræ!* My family, instead of meeting my name in the next Cambridge almanack, had to weep only over its unaccountable omission. I had next post a letter from my aunt—my poor father had just died, but, I was happy to find, before this last blow to all our hopes. He protested to the last against his fortune, but my case would have converted him more effectually than the last attack of the bailiffs. My mother followed him a few weeks after; she might be said to have been dying from her birth. My aunt was now left alone; and, as soon as I could command strength enough for a journey, I made up my mind to rejoin her.

In the interval, I consulted the physicians—I was bled—drenched—blistered—and had the pleasurable conviction, that my constitution was not a bad one,—for I survived. My pocket was now attacked, and fared worse than my constitution. A consultation was held, in which every thing was recommended; and God be thanked, nothing done. In

a month or two, I had the consolation of seeing my aunt. She was greatly affected, her strength going, her hopes gone; she spoke little and thought less. Life had ebbed out apace, but the church was still in her head; and she died "babbling" of lawn sleeves. Her demise put me in possession of the frugal economies of thirty years' piety. I had never received from her any other present than a Book of Common Prayer with brass clasps gilt; but could not avoid thanking her for her judicious severity, when I opened the last drawer of her tortoise-shell cabinet, and saw myself the rightful inheritor *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, of more than had ever been within my hand or contemplation before. But my gout still tormented me, and my stoicism was obliged to yield to its importunity. Perhaps I should have resisted better, and longer, had it not been for the advice of a whole host of female doctors, who soon surrounded me. I seemed with my aunt's fortune to have inherited her admirers; and

preachers of the Word, converted backsliders, pilgrims of the Wilderness, and the Elect of all ages and ugliness, crowded on me from every quarter. I am a pious man, but do not like to be fidgeted about it, and always kick against too much care. They bade me put my trust in Providence and again consult the physicians; but the discussion which followed grew so violent, and approached so close to my arm-chair, that it had very nearly done for me what no physician has yet succeeded in doing,—put me beyond all earthly pain. One recommended a chosen hearer of the Truth, who lived but a few doors from the Bethesda; another, a young vessel of Election, whom a fortunate judgment had lately turned from an awful sinner into a prosperous saint; another, an ancient, who remembered having heard John Wesley,—in fine, there were so many choices to make, and all so good, that I ran great risk of not making any at all.

I left the village next day, the Sunday before Shrove-tide, never more to return; and

made what haste I could to London. The physicians there ordered me to try the Continent, first the North and then the South, with the assurance that if cold failed in curing me, heat could not. Their opinion appeared peremptory and paradoxical, and was therefore considered excellent. I left England, was nearly shipwrecked, had my baggage thrown overboard from not resisting with the same sturdiness as others, and saved little but letters of credit on a banker of Amsterdam, whom, on my arrival, I found dead. I arrived in the midst of frost and snow, and in a short time decided the dilemma of my physicians. My hands and feet were blistered and bloated to an enormous size; I was reduced to the most painful sufferings; there was no remedy but Italy;—and, mustering what money and courage were still in my possession, I set off for the South, where, with the exception of one visit, *malgré moi*, of fourteen days to England, I have continued to live, to the great marvel of my comforters, ever since.

But before I could persuade myself to a steady regular life, I was determined to indulge for once in the passion of my youth. My health was gradually restored; and in about a year, with the assistance of Angola stockings and Welsh flannels, I found myself sufficiently strong to make an excursion from Florence to Naples. What befel me in that town decided my taste for life. I was born a Traveller, and I hope to die one.

My frequent jaunts up and down Italy, digested as they have since been by the siesta of a mild winter, and the sober counsels of my great arm-chair, have allowed me the means of dictating on the subject to the inexperienced with more truth and efficacy, perhaps, than any of my contemporaries. And albeit, since the downfall of the Usurper, many more travellers, anxious to profit by the liberation of Europe, have with incredible pains sought out, from the obscurity in which they were mouldering, some of the most curious objects of utility and attraction, and thus made the name of England

renowned for conscientious sight-seeing over the four quarters of the globe ;—yet is it, notwithstanding, to be observed, that the real purport and practice have been misunderstood, and the art, as an art, most singularly neglected. There is no rule laid down to make it either a pleasure or an economy ; and every young raw twaddle-dee of a schoolboy or half-pay officer who comes out, runs thus up and down, knocking his head against a thousand errors, and going back with as meagre a face and purse as if all this time he had starved respectably at Brighton or London. I have made what use I could of thirty-five years of Vetturino travelling, and have had the advantage of sleeping on the same beds, and eating out of the same trenchers, through bad and good report, in all seasons, once or twice, at least, in every year of that entire time. I should wrong the bounteous dispensations of Providence, which gives us talents not to be put up under lock and key, like potted jam in the corner of a room, and show a certain churlishness in return for its favours, did I not do all which

lies within my power, for the perpetual improvement and bonnification of Travelling.

There are a thousand little secrets known only to the inquisitive and the endurer; and though I have no sinister hope of a patent, I think that a little of that favour, which of late years seems to have been lavished upon gas, Mechanics' Institutes, and what not, should be extended to improvements, or suggestions thereof, in matters of intellect,—discoveries which, if well managed, may in process of time turn out to mind, what gas has turned out to body. It is in this view I write—but “*Verbum sapienti sat*,” and I have paid, by my concision, that compliment to my reader. And if indeed I shall have saved a single penny in the richest purse, or tended to have given one flower more to the multifarious wreath which the Traveller weaveth from inn to inn—I shall have done what I could, I shall have done my duty,—nor altogether have lived like the servants and rowers of Ulysses,* but left some traces behind me of my existence, in the curses of

* *Remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulysssei.* HOR.

innkeepers and the benedictions of travellers. I have lived but for this; and when I shall have seen it even partially effected, then may I depart in peace, and lay down my head quietly to die.

I left Paris, a great town, with a little-minded people; filled with painted dolls,* insolent soldiers, noise, dirt, and hatred of the English; and glancing at Switzerland and its goats and mountains, entered Italy by the Mont Simplon. It is now, I am told, a somewhat better road; if indeed, like all newfangled improvements, it is destined to last:—money extorted can never come to good, and we all know how the Corsican paid his men. It is one thing to build from your own purse, and another from the purse of others; nothing more easy than to put your name upon the works of your neighbour.

I arrived at Milan late one stormy evening, and saw it in a day. It looked fat, flourishing, (this I say without offence to the general, Austrian- or other, who may now go-

* Women.

vern it,) and a place where a man might find good pavements, large churches, puppet-shows, chit-chat, and a proper sense of order and obedience.—I shall say nothing of Turin farther than to admire its garrison, its cocked hats, and its King, than whom there could not be a more respectable tutor-looking personage to govern a nation of little boys. There was less anxiety then than now about the university; but I foresaw there would be a barring out, by way of resolution, some day or other.—Genoa I did not see, reserving it, as I still do, for a future visit.—Of Florence I shall say nothing now: it is sufficient I have chosen it for my residence,—a choice which speaks volumes, and in itself is a sort of marriage.—Bologna is a town not altogether unworthy of its learning and sausages, though, after much inquiry, I could find neither of such a quality as to satisfy me.

Through Sienna I passed for the first time blindfold, and came out, as I went in, in the dark. On my return, I had a better opportunity offered me, and seized it. The wo-

men are as soft and seductive, I am told, as their language and accent; and as kind and courteous as bashful travellers can desire them. It is a pic-nic town, got up from the good and bad of all times, and seems to have had its streets and by-ways much bewrayed by torrents, bad men, and earthquakes. The country about it is bald and bleached, and looks as if vegetation had been washed or burnt out by volcanoes, the French, or other devastators, perforce.

I passed through Rome, biting my lips that I could not stay to see St. Peter's, the origin of Protestantism; and hurried on, as fast as lame horses, and the fear of brigands, could carry me, to Naples. The Campagna struck me as an *argumentum ad hominem* evidence of the abominations of the Church of Rome. Not a weed that grows there, but has been sown by some erroneous dogma. It is quite clear, agriculture can never flourish as long as they believe in transubstantiation, and that we never should have heard of the malaria under a Protestant

church-by-law-established religion and priesthood. Pius VII. does as much as a mere pope can do, for the health of the country ; but he has powerful opponents ; and, I candidly confess, I see no substantial remedy for the evil, but his becoming at once a Lutheran. Were the priests permitted to marry, we should in a short time see a very populous colony where now, to the great disparagement of all true religion, we behold nothing but buffaloes and rododendrons. Wales shows how much may be done in this way :—a curate has often twenty children ; and the lower his salary and diet, the more patriarchal and prolific is he. I am not sure that there might not be a difficulty at first in breaking them in ; but did his Holiness seriously set about it, even now, by giving the example in his own person, I have no doubt upon my mind but that in two centuries the thing would succeed. I have begged the British Government to look to it in time, and not to give the Papist Irish any farther relaxations, unless the Pope shall promise to

clear his bogs of malaria by peopling them, for the comfort of his Majesty's Protestant subjects who may be induced to visit Rome. In case such an evil as these concessions should be inevitable, I think Lord Eldon might easily slip his condition into the concordat, which would be gaining at least something; and from the gracious silence with which the Pope himself received my memorial on the subject, I do not anticipate much objection, supported particularly, as I should be in the case of a treaty, by a few frigates.

My arrival at Naples was a subject of much self-gratulation. Then, as now, the roads were infested by robbers of all hues, licensed and unlicensed—from the bandit of the mountains, to his rival the douanier on the frontier. Naples delighted me exceedingly. I had got nearer to the sun, and basked away, day after day. Living was like breathing; I never felt the burthen so lightly, or felt less inclination to go to Heaven. The sky is made expressly for a man who has no business at home; and the earth

teems with such abundance, that you may roll about in it like a wild colt, without the least fatigue, the whole year long. I ate, drank, despised my gout, and promised myself an eternity of days, each, as the Italian saith, still happier than the other. The wine is nearly as strong and cheery as our Port (it smacketh not a little of Falernian), and was indeed a treat after the watery potations of the North of Italy and France. I preferred the Calabrian for its cheapness and vigour: it is stout and swift—it goes far and deep with a man, and does him, as my appearance soon testified, not a little benefit. The fish also excelleth: the red mullet, or triglia, as it is actually denominated, must have been a favourite with your Roman, and Lucullus settled in this bay not without pertinent and grave reason. It is marvellous that, improving as we are every day, we have not yet begun to think of naturalizing this admirable eatable, or importing, in due quantities for elderly retired gentlemen and ladies, all qualities of Calabrian:—I am not rich,

and am disposed to husband whatever little Heaven and the physicians have spared me ; but I would throw down, as soon as any man, my mite, in the establishment of any joint-stock company which would undertake it for the benefit of so deserving a portion of the British nation. A man may be a long time absent from his native land ; but, after all, "his first best country ever is at home."

Naples is as crowded, and more noisy than London ; and, sorry am I to say, there is no 'West-end of the town : it is not a place for nervous ladies and gentlemen who do not understand, or "remember," as the phrase now is, their Italian. In one of my evening walks, after dinner, along the Toledo, I was nearly knocked over and trampled down by a *curriculo*, whilst I was conjugating a verb, (and I believe accurately,) in the imperative mode, to bid the driver and the horse keep aloof. Every one laughs here, and is laughed at ; and my serious temperament, which seldom alloweth me the pleasure of a smile, (though I sometimes perceive it produceth

one in others,) obtained for me many a condolence on misfortunes, which, as far as I was conscious, I had never experienced. But the chief thing to be attended to here, is, to distrust flattery and hate servility.—A Neapolitan will come, and with the most gratifying titles and seducing good-humour, filch the last penny from your purse, and, as I am informed, boast afterwards with unparalleled ingratitude to his countrymen of your stupidity, thus encouraging them to similar malpractices, which, with Bible institutions (there surely might be a branch one on the Mola), and a Society of Ladies for suppressing vice, might in a few months be altogether corrected. Indeed I must say, that it is not a little to the disgrace of our piety, that, whilst large sums are daily expending upon the Heathen in other quarters, where so few of our fellow-countrymen ever travel, nothing has been yet done to drain the immorality from this soil, where Englishmen swarm like locusts, and come in and go out, as regularly as the quails.

I found at last,—albeit I am tolerably courteous for a Northern,—that there were no other means of fully rescuing oneself from these Harpies and Syrens combined, than a well-regulated system of universal distrust. I treated every one as a rogue, until I found him out to be an honest man ; I always commenced my arrangements with a cannonade of strong augmentatives, and expletives, and corroboratives, which in other countries might be considered as oaths ; and when I had almost convinced my hearer that I was a man who on proper occasion could be in earnest, and had as much blood in his body as another, though he did not seem to know it, I began my operations on the first item of each bill with my hair on end, my mouth wide open, and all my fingers extended, as indicative of surprise ; and generally terminated by seizing my stick, (though not using it,) tearing the bill, and telling the impostor to call again, when, if I happened to have breakfasted, and was in a good humour, I might be induced to pay him *half*. The first

victory I gained this way, was a source of great congratulations amongst my friends : and as the commencement of a stand against impositions, they talked of giving me a dinner, expressive of their gratitude. I found, indeed, some days afterward, that my bills insensibly increased ; and though I always cut down my Neapolitan to half, and compelled him to yield with a good grace to my rebuke, yet I know not how he managed it—his defeats always turned to his advantage, and my advantages were real defeats. Yet was there some consolation, after all, in not letting him have his own way,—in standing up manfully against imposture,—and, after a discussion which sometimes lasted an hour, in gaining five or six new words to my Italian vocabulary. I gradually improved, both in speaking and writing, and was as good a saver of a penny in a pound, as any one of my more experienced countrymen.

I am a lover of the arts, by having had the advantage of hearing other people talk of them. I profited, therefore, as the reader

may imagine, by my visit to such a place as Naples. I bought twelve distemper drawings, of Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius—nothing finer could be done in that way: they must have been excellent representations, for they resembled much some scenes of the same subject I saw the year before at Covent Garden. In this transaction, too, I had the comfort of making an arrangement which would have done honour to a confirmed trader; the seller acknowledging, after I had paid him, that “Messer Giovanni Bull was not so easily to be taken in, as most people imagined.” I afterward saw at a friend’s house at Rome, what at first appeared to me duplicates, and which he asserted—he assevered—he had purchased from the same man for half the sum I had given for mine; but there must have been some mistake—the thing is clearly impossible. I cut him down, as usual, to half: it is not likely he would have yielded so easily to another.

With these, I put up some Calabrian, not admiring either the price or the name of

the Lagrima, and set off with a Vetturino, who was to be four days on the road. It is rather an agreeable way of travelling, particularly with children ;—caritelles go too fast, and you lose the country. It was about the beginning of December, and frost and sleet were as frequent and severe as in England—but Italy is always Italy and beautiful, and the Campagna bears being seen at any period of the year. We rose at three and set off at four, which I thought unfortunate. I bear the character of being a lover of the picturesque, a quality I inherited from my family, who, time out of mind, were known in their neighbourhood for having the nicest ponds, pollards, Chinese-bridges, and pretty ruins, in the whole parish. My anxiety was extreme: I was up half an hour before my companions, and supplicated the Vetturino to wait for the rising of the sun, that I might see Naples to advantage. I was surprised he should hesitate: I thought that, living as he did a great portion of the year in this garden of Europe, he would have been a much greater lover of its beauties.

He asked me five crowns for the indulgence, which I thought extravagant, and represented to him, in vain, that I might have as many views of the thing for as many pails in any shop in Naples. I found out afterwards, that Naples is positively nothing from that side, which consoled me not a little for my misadventure.—On my way to Fondi, from some conversation I had with my companions, I perceived I had neglected seeing Pompeii, but this I do not so much regret: it is a shameful waste of money, to attempt scraping, and sweeping away the ashes from so miserable a village. One Italian palace, I have heard, is nearly as large as the entire market-place, and there is scarcely a church which would not swallow up the whole tribe of their temples. There is nothing, I must avow, which so completely sickeneth me as cant; and to pretend there is any thing wonderful, or out of the way, in an oven or a baker's shop or a poor cellar, (which might be run dry in a night,) because it is *ancient*, is, to say the best of it, but a most miserable

affectation, worthy only of our black-letter gossips, and to be straightway banished from all modern travelling. Yet such is the force of habit and evil custom, you will see our daintiest dames putting their heads into every crevice, and conjecturing upon the use of every stone, when, without stepping out of their own land, especially if they be Irish, they may any day in the year meet ruined Citria, vestibules of ten feet, streets of twenty, and I know not what other marvels, with which every page of modern Recollections, Souvenirs, and Diaries, most inordinately abounds. With half the money expended in excavating this village, I would engage to build a most respectable market-town in any part of his Neapolitan Majesty's dominions; and I cannot sufficiently commend the singular sagacity of that prince, who, to put an end to the abuse at once, or to perish in it, erected an expensive palace, of exactly the same size, immediately over Herculaneum.

I did not see Vesuvius, as most people do:—though if the weather had been fine,

and a carriage could have got up to the top of the mountain,—as the guides always take provisions, and you meet good wine,—I confess I should have liked it. My countrymen blamed me much for this omission, assuring me there was the finest view in the world from its summit, which, though they did not see on account of the mists, they claimed a right to speak about with an assurance to which I could not possibly pretend. After all, I am not without my defence; and the Neapolitan Professor of Mineralogy* or Geology, no matter which, told me I had much better do as he did, who, though he had been Professor ten years, had only visited it once, which, in his opinion, was once too often. The reality is not to be compared to the images of our imagination; and

* I was afterwards acquainted with this Emeritus Philosopher. The French naturalists could with difficulty induce him to make a collection for their use. The minerals were furnished by one of the Vesuvian guides,—he or his pupils, I believe, contributed the catalogue and classification.

no one is fool enough to exchange a good picture for a bad. There is some truth in that—but *ne quid nimis*. There is no knowing what might come of the establishment of such a principle—*sine grano*:—it might do up with travelling altogether.

The snow continued till we reached Terracina ; and though I was assured it would go off on Wednesday, this was no consolation to me who, unfortunately, was travelling on Tuesday. I had once in my life, before, been a day too late ; I was now condemned to be a day too early. Nor, though I have much reflected on it since, have I been able to decide which of the two evils is to be preferred:—my father would have untied the knot, and decided that *both* were for the best.

We reached Terracina late ; and as we were rumbling in, under what appeared to me to be the ancient portico of some half-ruined Roman villa, I thanked God aloud for having escaped from the snares of the Fowler : my companion was still more devout, as

if he had something to lose besides his life. —But here an occurrence befel me, pregnant with the most instructive moral, and which should I hide from the curiosity of my reader, I should indeed fail in one of the primary duties imposed upon a public instructor. Foreigners blame us much for our habits of taciturnity, but verily they know not what they say. In our journeying through regions so beset with all sort of men-traps, as this neighbourhood, we should have eyes which see not, ears which hear not, and above all, tongues which talk not.—We found a party of young and giddy travellers congregated at the fire before us. The cold was great, and I know not whether my habitual timidity would have prevented me (if other causes did not intervene) from mingling in their company. Our Vetturino had, as usual, without consulting us, ordered our repast at the other end of the room. The dinner, I need not say, was bad; and most of our circle had retired, *lassati nondum satiati*, to their repose: but these wantons

still continued their revelry, and discoursed largely on what they had seen, and on what they had not seen ; where they had been and not been ; whither they were going, whence returning ; and not a little on the various sources from whence they derived their means. Anon they proceeded from boasts to wagers, and more than one purse was vauntingly displayed on the large oaken table behind them. I trembled inwardly for them and their imprudence, when I marked the naked and stained walls ; the heavy tread—growing gradually lighter ;—the hungry cheek, the asp-like glistening eye, and dumb show, of our attendants. I cautiously abstained from my ordinary salutations, and stole silently on tiptoe out of the room.

It was a wild and rainy morning the next day, and the storm beat in, through the great open staircase. With difficulty we were roused. The revellers of last night had departed an hour before us—and on our arrival at For' Appio, they were still missing ! ...A calesche was found overturned in the

canal near, and the postilions, some hours after, reached with their jaded horses, and in trembling and silence, the neighbouring Posta. It was afterwards rumoured at Rome, that they were met by men, who were in communication with the dumb listeners at Terracina;—and had learnt by three days sad penance in the mountains, and a large contribution on the liberality of their banker, how dangerous a thing it may be to have a tongue over-loosely hung, and not to keep your enjoyments, like a good conscience, comfortably and gravely within your own bosom. From that time forth, I have always endeavoured, as much as possible, on such occasions, to speak in monosyllables, to look nothings, and to appear poorer in hope and gain, than I really am; and cannot but pity those over-confident presumers on Providence who, in a country like this of the Philistines, will expose themselves wittingly to the jaws of the Devourer, and dance jeeringly round the candle, until it shall consume them.

The winter had set in when I returned to

Rome, and I was told by the first cicerone I met, that it was quite the season for sight-seeing. I remember hearing the same thing in October, and believed it. It is true, that the sun is hot, and the palaces damp; and for want of remembering the distinction, I soon caught a cold, which the doctors attempted to improve into a fever. I paid them off the second week, and disappointed them, by rising. I had no great love for antiquities, as I have already mentioned, and would recommend gentlemen travellers, in general, to see these stones upon stones through the telescopes of other eyes; but soon finding it impracticable to appear in society without having seen my sights also, I learnt, in the order of their going, my catalogue of names; bought my modern antiques; ordered my mosaics, and invited and even dined my painter. This is grievous if you will; but *corrigere est nefas*;—it is the shibboleth, without which no passing of the ford, no freedom of the corporation; without it you will travel, as you would in a

balloon, and be put up, on your return home, with the trunks and bandboxes which had the good fortune to accompany you.

All this then I did, and I think patiently, and *secundum artem* : no one laughed at me ; and after a rehearsal of a few weeks, I was agreeably surprised to find myself making my mistake with as much decorum and authority, as if I had resided and talked ten entire years, in the Imperial city. The new comer especially betakes himself to the gravest faces, and the most absolute decisions ; and a man, in right of his precedence on the same ground, may go on tilting for many nights without any fear of an encounter.—The process is to hire your walker, or talker, or cicerone, and to walk and listen with him your five or ten shillings a-day : when one pays for it, one is apt to remember ; and as to any mistake in the evening, whichever way you go, you are sure to find authority for all. No court of law pays more implicit obeisance to a convenient precedent than your antiquary ; if you happen to err, hint

the uncertainty of all things Roman, and if the error be notorious, insist upon it as the very latest light. As to paintings, never mention the *name* of a painter—always speak of the *school*. I could pick up nothing better than an Orizzonte, but it gave me frequent opportunities of speaking of Claude, and talking imposingly of sunsets and Naples, and the Pass of Terracina. Busts and mosaics, I soon found, were out of the question; in collecting my museum, I was therefore obliged to make up by taste, what I was constrained to sacrifice through sheer poverty. Poussin, when asked where Rome was, took up a handful of dust, and exclaimed enthusiastically, “Eccola!” I acted upon the hint:—every traveller, with a good cane and a pair of spectacles, and the disposition to poke, and the fortune to find, which I had, may in a few weeks collect a little cluster of cabinet curiosities, which, by wrapping up carefully, and labelling magnificently, and exaggerating, I dare not say, *lying*, about the price, will, I warrant the reader, make

quite the same show and stir amongst discerning country cousins, as if inherited, *bonâ fide*, from Wincklemann, and turned up, God knows how or why, like the Stuart Papers. I was particularly enamoured of a very pretty row of marbles, all picked up with my own hands, and upon the spot *ipsomet, ipsissimo*; I had them polished, and ticketed, and catalogued in the most agreeable manner, with sounding names, and various-coloured papers; and though I afterwards found, on casting up the accounts, and making some inquiries where such articles usually are sold, that I had paid for mine somewhat more than one-half above their value—yet the satisfaction of not being taken in, and the perfect assurance of their having really come from Hadrian's villa or the Palatine, or Roma Vecchia, fully recompensed me for any trifling loss I might have experienced.

I was also induced, or indeed compelled, to squander a little in the purchase of cameos and stones. I found a very beautiful

one in cornelian, for so low a sum as ten crowns ; an undoubted antique, as I was assured by the person who showed it to me first,—a common friend to both parties,—and of which indeed there was ample proof, for the name ZENONE* was engraved round the philosopher's head, and the stone, on examination, appeared not a little worn and injured. In the same magazine, I procured with some intrigue, a seal, which I still use, of the Roman diagram.† The letters were placed at the four angles of a cross, which at first excited suspicion ; but the cross, I was informed, was a Greek one, and the letters evidently of the time of Constantine. The stone, lapis lazuli, was precisely the colour of the Imperial purple, and there was a remarkable split, said to be caused by an earthquake, throughout it. I was told, indeed, by a “ young pretender,” that he saw

* Penès me.

† Sold afterwards, in consequence of some suspicion of its antiquity, to a Mr. W. in whose possession I saw it at Rome.

the seal executing the week before I came to Rome; but, besides that I suspected him of some secret intentions of purchasing it himself, no one can doubt that it is antique who looks for an instant to the mounting. I mention these circumstances, however, not from any value I attach to them, (though I must say my collection of marbles often recalls to my remembrance the entire city—*ex pede Herculem*) but solely as a portion of precautionary information, for such gentlemen antiquarians as wish to form their cabinets with as much expedition, and as little expense, as possible. A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba, and bring home his caravans of monsters and monstrosities if he likes; but give me quality, and let him take quantity. I am for gems, not quarries; and rather think my *collana* of marbles worth all the cases and parcels of giants, well-hewn or ill-hewn, which have lately been imported from the Continent.

I arrived at Rome in the midst of the Carnival, and immediately appeared in the

Corso. I was taken by my shyness and awkwardness for an Abbate. No one, I imagined, could be more unlike; but my expostulations were not listened to. The next day, I was obliged, in self-defence, to disguise. Nothing could be more contrary to my wishes; but I was bound to see every thing—I had no choice. I appeared in the field about two, resolved to retaliate the insults of the preceding day, when three Masques (very probably the identical Masques who had attacked me on my arrival) immediately advanced against me, ere I could find time to defend myself from their aggressions. I had no alternative but to endure, in stubborn patience, what I soon perceived could in no wise be avoided;—and after reciting the verse in Horace, and calling to mind the example of Ajax in the Iliad, was about to commence my preparations for a dignified retreat, when my two assailants called the guard, and fled precipitately, under a brisk volley of comfits, in an opposite direction. I remembered in vain

all the good reasons which I had urged in my defence the day before. It was enough I had remained alone on the field of battle, and was fixed on as the delinquent (there was none other visible) who had commenced and completed the offence. I was thus put under arrest for too much charity, and had to endure the interrogatory of a Bureau, the privation of the scene, and a night's prison, because I was feebler or more tranquil than other men. I have often disputed on the unequal partition of good and evil in this sublunary world, but I know of few cases of a stronger description than what I have just instanced. I had hardly the courage to extract a lesson from the occurrence, and it was not till some years afterward that I embodied its substance in the cautions which I have given under this head in my Directions, or *Dicta*.

I returned home the next morning, neither giving, nor receiving any kind of satisfaction. I was disgusted, and went to bed. Towards evening I arose rather feverish, but neither

visited the Corso, Festino, or any place of public amusement during the remainder of my stay at Rome. The chief of the police, with a significant glance, hinted to me, on leaving the Bureau, that I must henceforth consider myself as a *marked* man. I felt nowise inclined to visit their guard-room a second time, nor knew I at that period any better expedient for avoiding the danger, than altogether avoiding the temptation.

But the best intentions are sometimes frustrated by a series of untoward accidents. It was difficult to find a more peaceably inclined person, or a more direct and devout admirer of the powers that be, particularly in traveling, than myself.—Passive obedience, the contumelious term for that comfortable spirit of resignation to the guardians whom God in his mercy hath placed over his flock, and which is the best safeguard of the throne, as it no doubt is the best keeper of the people, had been always a grand distinctive of our family; and though my father could never rise higher than some sub-secondary

place in the revenue, yet placing his trust in Providence, the clear-sightedness of his Majesty, and the wisdom of his Majesty's Ministers, he continued faithful to the end, and was noted for his unconquerable love of every one above him, beginning with the postmaster, and so going up to the rector. He had begun life with these principles, which were handed down to him in an oaken snuff-box, said to be manufactured from the Royal Oak ; and he has often declared in my presence to a ring of villagers, who came to hear him sing and talk of the Battle of Dettingen and Titus Oates's plot, on Sunday evenings, that had he never been promised the reversion for the family, these were the principles in which he intended to live and prosper ; and by God's grace, and as he hoped to be happy here and hereafter, intended also to die. Every fifth of November, or King's Birthday, was a day of real joy at his house ; and no one who could perceive the cheerful smoke and enticing smells which issued from his kitchen upon such days, could be any

longer at a loss how we had escaped from the contaminations of anarchy and assignats during the entire of the French Revolution, though raging at no greater distance from our thresholds than two or three hundred miles.

In these feelings, therefore, of bounden duty to my superiors, and the most satisfactory conviction of the happiness of loyalty and loyal men, I had been nursed and brought up. I know not whether I stand as a good illustration of my faith, though the fault may be more in the professor than the profession; but this at least is certain, that, believing as I did, nothing could be more painful to my feelings than to be treated, and by "authority," as I had been; and I should altogether have felt inconsolable had I not reflected, that there may be some difference between authority and authority:—and that no one is, strictly speaking, obliged to obey (unless he be an Idolater) either Antichrist or the Pope.

In the state of low spirits which oppressed me at Rome, I was obliged to entrust

my passport for signature to my Valet-de-place. He went round, as he assured me, to the usual Ambassadors, and returned me my passport the same evening. I paid him largely, and slept well, having, as I imagined, done my duty. At an early hour next morning, we started from the Piazza del Popolo, which was not far from the Piazza della Scrofa, where I resided. I slept a portion of the morning, and though hungry, (we travelled by Vetturino,) passed the day satisfactorily. That night we reached Ronciglione, and the next day Bolsena. I had singularly enjoyed the effect of a magnificent southern sunset on the fine expanse of the lake; and though no poet, could not avoid working into three or four stanzas my own peculiar feelings on the subject. They cost me some time, and a great deal of scanning; but I succeeded at last, and should have inserted them here, had they not been torn and eaten up, as I suspect, by my cat.*

* My uncle was a poet, and a very fastidious one too. The stanzas in question, of which I possess a

The impression, however, remains still: I scarcely ever remember a more delightful excursion, which was not a little heightened by the talkativeness and other attractive qualities of a young niece of the curate of San-Lorenzo, who was called suddenly, as she told me, to Florence, to receive the blessings of her dying aunt; and who did all she could to amuse and convert me (an excellent mode by the by) during my journey.

But my joy was destined soon to terminate, and my smiles were about to expire in tears. On our arrival on the Tuscan frontier, at Acqua-pendente, our passports, as usual, were required. I had given in mine to our Vetturino in due form, and sate down

copy, (long missing, as appears from the text) are almost illegible from frequent erasures. "The poet," he often used to observe, "who composes '*stans pede in uno*,' will produce nothing but halting measure; and better to have one child who may live long enough to grow up into a man, than thirty who die children, and ten times the number of abortions."

with a cheerful countenance to dinner. Dinner passed with great gaiety and laughing,—‘the torrent’s smoothness ere it’s dash below ;’ but I was no sooner on my bed for the siesta, than suddenly a Commissario della Polizia (I would rather have seen a Hippogriff) entered the room, with two gend’armes, and cried out, “ You are right—it is the man—look at his wig.” I had not a moment to expostulate. I was ordered instantly to follow :—half dressed, I was ushered into the street : a mob pursued me : my presence of mind was gone : I knew not what to say or do ; nor was it until I had reached the Bureau, that I could clearly comprehend the cause or motive of this most unseasonable interruption. In vain I appealed to the principles of my youth, to the known tranquillity of my demeanour ; alas ! the letter of the police at Rome, (they never lost sight of me,) and my brown wig, were unanswerably against me : there was no one there, not even the curate’s daughter, whose testimony would be taken in my behalf. In-

deed, her over-warmth not a little increased their suspicions, and on the whole rather injured than served me. We were thought to be in concert; and more than once did our Vetturino hint, with a total ignorance of my character, that I was little better than her avowed guardian. “Heu nos homunculi!” I exclaimed: and the lady looked beautiful, and smiled in his face:—but my judge was old, cold, and inexorable. I grew seriously disquieted, and talked of his Britannic Majesty and Lord Castlereagh. I met nothing but sneers and insult, and was asked “if they were both arrived at Genoa?” The wig was still insisted on; it looked every hair Carbonaro. I in vain urged the illness to which I had been a martyr but two years before; they answered, “You might have got any other than a *brown* one.”

Nevertheless, all this, perhaps, might have passed off without any serious consequences, by means of a long speech, perorating with half-a-crown, had it not been for my passport;—it was found to have only *six* sig-

natures—the *seventh*, that of the Austrian commandant, was *wanting*. I was accordingly ordered back to Rome, to obtain it, and advised, in future, to do things myself, and not to wear wigs of a different colour from my eyebrows. To complete my misfortunes, the Vetturino, whom I had paid in advance, refused to return me my money,—saying, as was indeed the fact, that it was my fault, and not his—and that passengers were not quite so easy to be found in a village as in the capital. The young lady was the only person who felt for my calamity, (but the sex are always compassionate,) and offered to accompany me home. I felt grateful; but there were too many eyes, and envious ones too, upon us, to admit of my expressing it.

In a few minutes I was remanded, under the same escort, to the inn, and from thence ordered to take the road to Bolsena. All *Acqua-pendente* followed. A miserable gig was provided, and I was obliged to mount it with an armed *Sbirro* behind me. I need not say that my feelings were wound up to

the most distressing pitch, nor can I forget that there were many dubious-looking fellows in the crowd, who eyed and hailed me as a companion. Thus, from the slight mistake of taking sixes for sevens, was I treated as a daring violator of the laws, an open enemy to order and legitimacy, and a Carbonaro *flagran. delict.* (which answers to Papist, or Atheist, in England): and, out of the mere simplicity and singleness of my conduct, lost four-and-twenty crowns, Roman money, a whole week of fine weather, and more good temper than I ever remember to have been deprived of in so short a period during any former portion of my life.

It may well be imagined, after having passed the ordeal to which I was exposed on my way to Rome (for I was soon magnified into a brigand, or *fuor-uscito* of the very first blood, and had twenty or thirty murders laid on my back, before I reached Viterbo)—it may well be imagined, I say, that I bore the cross-questioning of my commissary at the Palazzo del Governo with no very great

composure. I first refused answering any interrogatory whatsoever—an obstinacy which grievously confirmed the suspicions of my questioner; then I stuck fast at my parentage and condition, and returned no other response to their pertinacious queries, than “Basta, ch’io non sia Italiano, ma galant’-uomo;” but finding my examiners quite as dogged as myself, and recollecting, at the moment, that I had spent a night in the neighbourhood, I began to falter, look mild, and, why should I conceal it? gradually to give in. The commissary perceived it with a glance of his hawk’s eye, and sticking instantly his pen behind his ear, and bowing significantly as he retired, brought back with him three other commissaries worse than himself, who, after eyeing me attentively from head to foot, declared, *unâ voce*, and without any consultation, that I was an incendiary, to all intents and purposes, charged with combustible materials, and ready to explode, even under his Holiness’s nose, whenever a

good and sufficient occasion might chance to offer.

I do not know whether this decision would have banished, fined, or confined me, or done, perhaps, what was still worse than any of the three,—had not my Sbirro, who till this moment was in chit-chat with the servants of the antichamber, suddenly appeared, and, remembering for the first time that he had my passport in his pocket, presented it with a shrug which was as satisfactory as the passport itself, and altogether arrested, ere it was too late, the precipitate judgment of my persecutors. I was allowed, after a little smiling and whispering, to withdraw, and passed through the ranks which opened for me on all sides of the Bureau with what haste I could, anxious to gain the open street, and lift up my hands once more in thanksgiving for my safe deliverance from the lion's den, and the power of the enraged Philistine.

Yet in all things are there seeds of conso-

lation, if one could find them out. I went home—supped well—slept better,—and next morning extracted the moral which the reader will find laid down in one of my *Dicta*, (Part 2nd, under the head “Too much rather than too little,—or *quidquid nimis*,”) in its proper place. From that day forth I never sent a servant for what I could get myself: used my own arms, eyes, and legs as well as my teeth or tongue; and though I have often had a signature to spare, never, by wanting one, have since run the risk of being whipped or quartered for a rebel and a traitor.

I soon procured the official permission for another journey; but, entertaining a natural horror for the sites where I had already experienced so many disagreeable encounters, I took the road by Perugia to Florence.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the course of this excursion, unless indeed an upset near the Lake of Thrasymentis; which I should hardly think worth mentioning, but for the caution which it may suggest to future travellers—and which the reader will find

embodied in my 241st *Dictum*, under the heading of "Look before you leap, or choose whilst you may."—The winter yet endured: the mornings were still dark, and I continued to travel in Vetturino. I found, on entering the vehicle, that it cracked, and tended grievously, like the superannuated bark of Charon, to one side. I tried to correct this, as well as I could, by moving to the other; and, thus quieting my apprehensions, insensibly fell asleep. The road was good, though hilly, and for some time the travelling comfortable; but in descending, a little before dawn, a small mountain, with a velocity somewhat superior to our ordinary course of going, a shriek, or a cry, for it was between both, of "Jesù Maria! aiuto, aiuto," instantly followed by an abrupt dislocation and disparting of the whole machine, roused me suddenly from a golden dream, in which I imagined myself the author of the best work yet published on Travelling,—receiving the congratulations of my publisher in an additional gratuity, and complimented, in neat and appropriate para-

graphs, in every monthly and weekly publication in town. I was tumbled out, with all my *impedimenta*, in a singularly incoherent manner, into the high road; and whilst grasping for assistance whatever came nearest, found myself, to my utter astonishment, in immediate contact with a human Leviathan, the *fons et origo malorum*, under the shape and appearance of a wet nurse travelling with her two bambini to Cortona. "Heu nos homunculi!" I again exclaimed: but in a moment recovered my legs and philosophy, and, taking out my pencil, wrote in my new mother-of-pearl souvenir—"Never more to travel with Generals of religious orders—Major Domos—German merchants—or wet nurses, unless previously inspected." Such things may now and then be unavoidable even in England:—but our coach-making and iron, under Providence, are great securities against accident:—the action and reaction are equal, and in breaking down there is always a consolation, that the misfortune could not be guarded against by the *ne plus*

ultrà of human ingenuity. But here—an injured man has cause and right to rail—every thing from the police downward is out of joint:—let 'no man travel, but with his passport signed, his eyes open, and by lamp-light or daylight, if he must travel in Italy.

It was some time before the lady could be reinstated: she lay disconsolate for at least half an hour, like Virgil's augury in the 5th book of the *Æneid*, with all her young ones about her; whilst the horses, travellers and Vetturino, were quarrelling amongst each other, and the coach compelled to wait, for a good hour, the issue of the encounter. It was patched up, like so many other ill-going machines, provisionally; and, after an aspiration to their favourite saint, each passenger once more ventured bones and fortunes to its treacherous keeping. I kept my eyes open, and attentively fixed on the side where sate my nurse—every moment ready for a leap forward; and what with this precaution, and others, at last arrived in security at Florence.

My joy on reaching that delightful capital

was excessive. I gave a *mancia* to my driver, such as no Milord Inglese had vouchsafed him before ; and rose at five next morning, in order fully to sate myself with sight of the city. In a short time I was definitively installed in a very proper and serious dwelling, (not far from the Ponte Sta Trinità,) where there was a terrace which commanded the river, and orange-trees in abundance, an excellent landlady, who was celebrated for her maccaroni, and a young serving-maid who played the guitar.

I soon picked my way into a closer acquaintance with the inhabitants, and by degrees began to enjoy every thing in this most enjoyable town. Things could not be better managed in England ;—nay, as for that, Whitbread's Entire is not quite so good as Aleatico ; and though I at first felt the loss of beefsteaks, yet such is the rapid progress of civilization since the liberation of the Continent, that with some allowances for the meat, (for the sun won't permit us here to fatten on oil-cake,) every whit as good and

eatable a performance of the kind may be had at Schneider's as at any Dolly's or other Tavern in or out of London. Then the climate—here indeed are compensations: there are few days, even in winter, one does not see the sun—not in that moonlike, maudlin, stupid-looking guise, which, since the earliest records, has been the reproach of England; but as a sun ought to be seen, if he is to appear at all in public,—gay, glittering, and condescending, like a bridegroom, or a minister,—that is, like a minister coming in, not going out. There are fogs, but they are natural ones; and there is some difference between breathing water, and breathing fire and soot, or, what comes to the same thing, breathing smoke. I don't think I ever light a lamp before sunset:—now, there are few winter days in London, during which one does not burn as much tallow as by night. The consequence has been, that I have never felt the least disposition, except once, to cut my throat,—and then my friends told me it was from being over-happy.

The domestic comforts too are great. In a short time I found myself in a cheaper England. I was yet young : I felt that misfortune had not chilled the genial current about my heart :—I never was proof against the softer passion ; and in a short time owned the influence of the fair inhabitants. In the adjoining *contrada*, was a widow of no unseemly exterior and most winning manners. I saw her often, and she did not find much difficulty in persuading me, that a single life was not intended by the Creator for his creatures, and, if practicable in any other country, was altogether out of the question in Italy. I often reasoned with her ; but she quoted the first chapter of Genesis,—kissed me, and thus left me and my argument in the lurch. Intentions I had, and of the very best kind ; but somehow or other, like rusty fire-arms, I never could bring them to bear : when I most wanted them, they were most out of order. I threw them at last away in a passion, and surrendered from mere want of the means of defence. I was a

milky-hearted man, and she soon found it out;—she took possession of the citadel—and kept it. I made her promises; she believed them; we were thoroughly happy: but providence, the providence of my father, finally interfered with us both. After six years, in the course of which we had six children, and after the birth of each of which I intended to marry her, she was suddenly taken away from me by the *tifo petecchiali*, then raging at Florence, at the very moment preparations were seriously making for her intended nuptials.

The christenings and nursings, and educations, good and bad, of my young family, (now reduced to two, and both of them inclined to the army,) have drained my purse to its lowest ebb; but God and patience have carried men through worse trials, and I am yet respected by my banker as much as any man of my long standing in the country. I am invited to the tables of all new comers, though I have nothing to offer in requital for their kindness but mere words; and proud I

am to say, that a touching sense of my hints, and a recollection the most flattering of my yellow-morocco chair, is very visible in every letter which I from time to time have the satisfaction of receiving from my travelled acquaintances in England. "We have done the state some service," and, I may also add, "they know it." It is something, in such a season and such a town as this, to rank second in public interest to the ambassador; to have, by every carriage, your letter of compliment and recommendation; and thus to be, in some degree, the means of blowing into maturity the seeds of that noble curiosity which is the chief vaunt of the most enlightened portion of the most enlightened country in Europe, and perhaps of the entire world.

I need not doubt that, after the perusal of the foregoing pages, the courteous reader would feel not a little disappointed, were I to treat him otherwise than as an intimate friend, and for once overcome my habitual *mauvaise honte*—the arch-enemy I have had

to wrestle with during the greater part of my life. Neither have I now to feel or fear the lynx-eyed malignity of criticism: I am journeying fast to that country where the slave lies down with his master, and reviewers are reviewed in their turn. I shall not attempt to hide from the gaze of posterity (as I sometimes have done from my contemporaries, by means of my large red umbrella) any portion, favourable or unfavourable, of my interior or exterior man. Posterity hath not injured us; and it were dealing churlishly with children yet unborn, to act by them with the niggardness of an envious old parent. My life, like that which the Roman sighed after, has been led *coram populo*. I have almost held a constant academy for all the nations of Europe:—the glass has been worn always upon my heart; and I glory, as virtuous men should do, in the curiosity and inspection of my neighbours.

This, then, is the course and manner of my existence;—and the benevolent reader will thence judge whether any benefit, and what,

is likely to accrue therefrom to the whole human race.—In summer I have occupied myself principally in short excursions in the neighbourhood. Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca, Sienna, Arezzo, and even Milan,—and on one occasion Venice,—have attracted me. Were I to sit down to write travels, in the reigning taste, with quarto pretensions, maps, and engravings, got up from recollections, or anticipations, (one is often as good as the other,) I see no reason why I too could not draw out my wire, with any other man. But I prefer concentrating the essential oil of my observations into as small a compass as possible; and, not unmindful of the instructive lesson of the sibyl of old, think three may be more precious than nine, and a duodecimo *de re ipsissima* better than folios, trifling and dozing about it. My *Dicta* contain *il più bel fior*—the interior salt, the triple-rectified spirit, of all that a very laborious alchemy could gather, concoct, and digest, for thirty years of round-a-bouting it, in Italy. In the course of these Directions, I have often

stayed my judgments with facts :—few other writers can say (I mean, conscientiously) the same ; and the reader will find more than one evidence “how difficult a thing it is to go to Corinth,” and that reading and seeing are not always the same.

These little wanderings did me many services :—my blood, which had been somewhat baked into a solemnity bordering overmuch upon a cold and stagnating phlegm, brightened, and flowed with its original rapidity : my eyes resumed their keenness—my cheeks their colour—and the wheel of descending life seemed for an instant to stand still.

Now, if Spring be a season of involuntary joy and uncontrollable pleasure in the coldest and darkest regions of the North, how much deeper and bolder and broader are its joys and pleasures, and influences, and powers, and exultations, in these gardens and paradises of the world ! When opening my casement over the Val d’Arno in the beginning of May, (for I had at times one of those little white villas, or villulæ, which sparkle upon

the declivities of Fiesole,) and walking up and down my balcony in my grey Turkish dressing-gown, forgetful of shaving and of breakfast,—then, indeed, I felt what a glorious thing it was to be born with the desire and capacity of enjoyment, and to find yourself plunged up to the chin into the torrent, with the gust and appetite which the staunch traveller only can feel. My imagination, eyes, and tongue, broke out into praises incoherent and irresistible. I saw the mist, like a vast curtain, furling up, or floating lavishly about, or swelling, or sweeping away, or dying, or brightening into the blue: then, out came the sun, in such a sky! all his own, unless now and then he had a rich levée of clouds brought there, to do him their morning suit and service. Below, what an earth! olives, and elms, and cypresses, and pines, cresting, and crossing, and crowding, and falling into each other's arms;—a plain, dappled with villages and gardens, and villas and churches, — nestled some of them in nooks and crevices; others flashing back the

sun on the rocks or shepherds beside them ; others, again, laid indolently out by brown lakes, or greenswards,—the vineyards mantling them, or crowning them ; and the Arno, like a glorious serpent, cast over the immense valley between, coiling and playing, in the most wanton guise, with its flowers and shades, and nothing earnest, withal, to stretch onward, from these seats of its pleasure, to its distant destination—the Mediterranean. I turned first toward Vallombrosa, then to the Pian' di Chiano, and to Florence, and to Pisa, and to Lucca and her mountains, and the scarred girdle of the Apennines, which seems to be the great outward bastion of this Italian Eden, and then to Fiesole, beside me,—not knowing where to stop, or how to go on ;—and have often walked in to shave, from a mere mechanical impulse, stumbling as I went, the tears standing in my eyes, and my thoughts any where—every where,—dreaming of Arcadia, and the Golden Age, and the Millenium, and Doctor Southey.

The Spring was the usual season of my travelling, and my thoughts budded, in the prime of the year, with every thing about me. In the winter, I went home to my Tuscan fireside and *cinque cento* Italians, and ruminated what I had devoured in the summer.

In general I rise about sunrise, play a sonata on my Cremona, read over the play-bills, and the comedy, or a part of it, for the evening, and send my servant to inquire after the health of the Dowager Marchesa Cuori. This done, if the day be fine, I venture on the Bottegone, and a cup of chocolate, a breakfast which combines temperance and economy with solidity, and is the "*multum in parvo*," the chief object of all modern improvements, from the diamond Bible down to portable-gas and high-pressure steam. After breakfast, I think, or intend to do so, for an hour on the seats without; and if there be any other thinkers near me whose faces I like, I think aloud, and often listen.

I next read the newspapers at the Pallade

twice over, and particularly the list of new arrivals, and saunter to Molini's, to see how the edition of Eustace is getting on, though I know it will die in its birth;—to inquire whether there are any new Diarists, new Invalids, new Ennuyées,—and who are the forthcoming lions from the menagerie of last winter; and, finally, to hint now and then a scrap of advice, which may be serviceable to the printer, and not let him cut his throat from an over-rash attention to our English public.

I then read over my entry of visits; and as I play my cards at the respective hotels, always ending at Schneider's, (where there are the best dinners,) I rub off the duty from the calf-skin page, with a satisfaction which persons only who can afford to keep good consciences can fully and constantly appreciate. Men may despise these observances:—but Gulliver, captain and hero as he was, was held by the threads of the Lilliputian—and a card has been known to do as much (that is, if well timed) as the Duke of Alva's hat and bow. So much got over, and

my bosom light, I dine at two, at the Trattoria, near the Piazza di S^{ta} Trinità, unless invited, which, thanks to an honest reputation, is often the case, and sleep away the fatigues of the morning in my *siesta* of two hours and a-half; that time elapsed, a dove alarm-clock rouses me, and I prepare, by a frugal glass of ice, for the amusements of the evening. The *prima sera* is always spent at the Marchesa's, who knows more English—men, at least, than any other lady in Florence; and where few days pass without meeting a comer in, or goer out from Italy. I do not play,—and I enjoy that dispensation with the dog and the parrot, from long habits of domesticity and other services of some standing in the house:—my time is better spent; and my hints of an evening have often procured me a visit the next day, and a grateful pupil for life. At the theatre I perform my rounds with credit, and am on the terms of an Abbate with most families,—not, indeed, that I seek a place in the calendar of Florentine gallantries, but it is a credit to my

discretion, and a proof of confidence, which I cannot find in my heart (indeed it is not made of iron) to refuse.* There are more things in this world than I had long dreamt of in my philosophy;—but God, who gave us ears and eyes, meant, no doubt, we should use both; besides, a traveller, and a teacher of travellers, enjoys by prescription the right of larger indulgence, in reward for his thirst of knowledge; and I take nothing, but accept all. After the theatre, I retire to a serious and decent couch, as becometh my years and situation; and leave to mandolines, wistful maids, disappointed lovers, cats, and other knights of the moon, the folly of waking, and the pain and penalty of wandering until morning.

As to my person—*fuimus*—“all flesh is grass.” I have been dried, browned, and seasoned into *hay*. He who could have seen me in my youth might well wonder how little has been left me of my former self, and

* Amor che a null' amato amar perdona.—*Dante*.

how I have shrunk away from my just proportions, by little and little, like a depopulated city. Instead of that portly presence, which breathed every where of preferment and the church, and already fitted me for the largest stall in Christendom; instead of that cheek which was of the right orthodox complexion, and seemed flushed with the wine of life; instead of that natural command, and noble dignity of eye, which so well becomes the chosen when in company with the outcast and the sinner,—I have lost all claims at present to be considered as a Church-by-law-established man, and, like the Prodigal who had lived on husks of swine instead of fatted calves, or the Israelites who sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, though saturated with manna, I sometimes, in an hour of dreary leisure, when the day is neither autumn nor summer, and my fire is neither in nor out, bethink me what I might have been, had I not had the gout, or rather could I have deferred its visit some ten or twenty days longer. Now these are things,

which make me at times an anti-Pelagian—and, if I had spirits and youth, a mosque and a harem near me, might, for aught I know, in an angry fit, make me a Mahomedan. We are all creatures of destiny; and destiny alone hath made the Bishop of Chester a great luminary instead of a great incendiary,—and routed the French instead of the English at Waterloo,—and turned the world upside-down, by putting Sir Hudson Lowe over the head of Bonaparte, and cutting Lord Londonderry's throat with his own hand—the last hand, it is to be supposed, on ordinary reasoning, likely to do such a service in Christendom. The same destiny, or one very much of the same family, has made me what I am, and I am bound to respect it as much as a Minister of Police—that is, hating it, but fearing it—and both in silence.

My person has followed the fluctuation of my fortunes;—and I have grown tranquilly up into a tall, thin, exemplary-looking man, who loves his neighbour without loving his neighbour's wife; says his prayers, first for

himself and then for others ; thanks God and his benefactors openly ; would do an injury to no one, but is not fortunate enough to prevent others from doing injury to him ;—a slow masticator of tough meat and new opinions—temperate to excess—in debt to none but his stationer and tobacconist, and who has passed through life, purling gently over a soft, sandy bottom, and thinks no more of death, except when he sees the funeral of a friend, than of to-morrow's *siesta*. I wear the pair of spectacles my deceased Griselda purchased for me, fifteen years ago, in a back lane at Leghorn ; they are dear to me for her sake, and resemble, in colour and size, her eyes :—a small doctrinal wig, but which is neither brown and carbonaro-looking, like that which once I wore, nor dogged and dogmatic, like our village schoolmaster's, adds a very creditable frame and finish to the portrait. It was a present from an ancient and faithful adherent to the Chevalier St. George, and reflects honour on the age which invented it. Once I so far innovated as to allow, in a moment

of weakness, my serving-maid to powder it; but this vanity soon disappeared, and it still is as black and Jacobite as ever.

My gold-headed cane and enamel snuff-box are also among the few survivors of my early circle. The staff of Esculapius is not more emblematic of health: it has travelled and discovered with me for twenty years; and though I now and then shoe it, it is still in all the beauty of a *cruda viridisque senectus*—sinewy and knotty, and glistening with a laudable pride over the memory of its former achievements. My snuff-box has had the fingers of the most learned men in Europe within its precincts, and I once had an idea of writing an essay on “the Manner of Taking Snuff,” beginning at an early period, and illustrating my positions by very important examples, and the decisions and practice of persons above all impeachment.* My dress

* A fragment of this work was preserved amongst his papers. I decyphered a portion of the 4th and 7th chapters, the first “*On the Careless*,” the latter “*On the Impassioned*” manner of snuff-taking. He

is scholar-like and gentleman-like; and has a tone of precision and authority, particularly in the close white cravat and double-breasted waistcoat, which become my profession, and soon will my age.

If I have any one passion or eccentricity more deeply rooted in me than another, I believe it to be a love of literary and viaggiatorial gossip, and a dislike, or horror rather, of the ordinary frippery cares and duties of a household. "I would rather be kept, than keep," is a motto I have adopted from the ancients; and soldiers and servants, I protest to God, I think ten times happier than those who rule them. An aged, mermaid-looking handmaiden conducts the important details of my Penetralia; and my Penates are not "frightened from their propriety," by the rivalry

would probably have continued it, had not his maid one evening taken a portion of the 11th chapter, "*On the Religious*," to light his lamp, which broke off the thread of the disquisition, decomposed his project, and was for a long period another of his articles of impeachment against Destiny.

or contention of any competitor for my favour.

Two venerable cats guard my only fireplace, and guard it well. I have a passion for cats, and had for asses : cats are calumniated,—so were asses, until a benevolent member of Parliament, without any alliance or sinister view whatever, but solely from that universal and embracing charity which, it is to be hoped, in process of time and civilization, will extend itself down to vegetables, took up their cause, and pleaded it with such brotherly affection, before an anti-asinine House of Commons, that from henceforth they cannot be injured or insulted with impunity, or their free rights of beastship infringed on, any more than if they were lions or elephants, or any other beast of quality or condition.*

* An instance of my uncle's tenderness for the race occurred within my own observation, in my first excursion through the North of Italy. It is not unusual to meet, in passing down the Brenta, from time to time, a certain number of young asses, hung up upon its banks, for the purpose of preparing them,

Would I could have done so much for cats : as it is, I am compelled to confine myself to the slight protection I can individually afford them, and the shelter and subsistence consequent on a bachelor's fireside. Dogs too long have had their day, and been the objects of a blind spirit of-favouritism. It is now surely high time that a balance should be struck between them and their more philo-

it is said, for the manufacture of the celebrated Bologna sausages. The first victim which met his eyes, and the legs of which came dangling into the boat, produced a violent exclamation. I took no notice of it at the time, but perceiving him suddenly silent, I turned round, and found the tears rolling down his cheeks. His sensibility was destined to severer trials : every mile that we came nearer to the capital, the number of dead asses increased. He begged to be put on land,—his wishes were complied with : he walked to the next station, and arrived time enough to save one or two of these animals. The same interference had the same success a little lower down ; and, before we could reach Venice, we had no less than four asses on board, all rescued from the knife of the executioner. We now landed, but had scarcely left our boat, when my uncle was asked how much he

sophic and unpretending rivals. And when, after the turmoils, and heart-burnings, and strifes, and jealousies of this long and bitter day of life, a man sits down by his nook in the evening, and his eye falls from the expiring firebrand and flickering flame, upon the concentrated and meditative air, the round and sleeky back, the velvety paws, gathered soberly within each other, and the eyes, now

would sell them for, by an aged butcher ; who, imagining him an ass-merchant in the same Bologna trade as himself, and wishing to profit by the opportunity, thought such a question the most natural and civil in the world. My uncle's indignation was at its utmost, but it was not till long afterward that I heard it burst forth in all its anger. He then satisfied himself with turning suddenly, and exclaiming in a stifled tone—"And this is a country they call civilized !" Since that period, he transferred his affection, though slowly, to cats ; and his maid informed me, on my arrival at Florence, that they formerly travelled in his company ; but of late years, unwilling to harass his own unnecessarily, he seldom removed them from home, but hired, instead, one or two others in the neighbourhood as their substitutes, during his short excursions to Pisa, Sienna, &c.

shutting, and now opening, for thought and pleasure,—and then listeneth to the purring, and all that its continued and slumberous music may lap about the heart;—when a man seeth, and heareth, and feeleth, these things, as a reasonable being ought, surely it is impossible for him not to exclaim, and that involuntarily, out of the mere spur and spirit of the moment—Here, indeed, it is, and all at once; all that the Stoics have desired, all that the Epicureans have imagined, the *sum-mum bonum*, the *το αγαθον*;—the *totum teres atque rotundum* of their philosophies, in tangible and visible shape and practice. Yes! Micietto! (for that is the name of my elder cat,)* I have learnt more content and resignation from thy unpreached and unwritten lessons,—from the soft chiding of thy voice, and the gentle stoicism of thy unwrinkled and imperturbable visage, through evil and through good—through winter and summer

* Micietto was still at Florence on my arrival, but so old and doting, I was obliged, out of charity, to hang her up.

—by bad fires and good fires and no fires at all,—than from all the *dictamina* of the ancient schools, or the pert indifferentism of the modern.

Next to my cats, I esteem my arm-chair, which once belonged to an octogenarian prelate of the family Corsi, and might have been as old as the Republic and Machiavelli. It was originally of red damask,—so covered, perhaps, from a vain expectation of the purple; but, like many other over-sanguine men, the expectant died hoping, and the prelate never rose higher than the prebendary and his stall. I thought the colour an evil omen, and changed it to yellow, which is grave, contented, and saturnine. My yellow arm-chair is now my better half; it hath been my inseparable, the constant companion of my griefs and joys, for twenty long years and more; it sympathizes without murmuring, consoles without exacting, and bears my burthens and sorrows without disturbing my pleasures,—a praise, I much fear, which cannot be bestowed on half the companions,

male or female, going, not excepting my own Griselda. It is here I have lived, and here I hope to die,—and, in the last codicil to my will, (for I make a practice of revising or adding to it every year, a little before the spring equinox,) I have requested that it should be buried with me—if not in the same coffin, (which may be difficult,) at least in the same tomb.' To this quiet suggester of my inspirations, I owe most of my opinions, comic and tragic, tragi-comic, pastoral, political, and politico-economical. It is my best persuader to all good things, and requires no discount for what it lends me.

As to my place in the literary world, I am not a stickler for etiquette, and care not who goes before me, provided I sit down at the feast; well knowing, that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted, and that critics know as little the taste of the golden fruits of literature, as the dragons who guarded the gardens of the Hesperides.

My political opinions have changed thrice, but whose have not? The wigs of some people

are older than their creeds; and that man is a stout pretender, who will swear that he has made both last equally well. I remember the time when Englishmen thought a Frenchman a more civil sort of Beelzebub, or Belphegor; and, however he might hide them, he had still his three tails, and those forked, ready for an occasion, behind him. Men would then be as soon heard praising Pandemonium itself, as a French House of Commons; and as to the people and liberty, they were as much talked of, and as little seen, as the Cockspur-street Ghost. I have heard men, too, prove by every thing,—first by theology, and then algebra,—that for these three centuries the Pope has been Antichrist and the Scarlet Lady, in one and the same person; and that they go from one old man to another, just as a robber may change his name and coat.

Yet what alterations in our days!—We have seen, with our own eyes, the abomination of abominations, and the Defender of the Faith himself, give a helping hand, *in ipso articulo mortis*, to this harlot and man

of sin. Then, as to the Corsican Usurper, strange things have come to pass since his demise ; people giving him all sorts of titles, though I defy them to quote a single treaty which will go to prove that he was ever any thing else amongst us than Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, or Napoleon Bonaparte, Esquire.

As to the Roman Catholics, I am thought to have become a Whig—I no longer call them *Papists*.—Every man has a right to his opinions, provided he keeps them, as butchers do their mastiff-dogs, chained and quiet ; nor should I have so much objection to see them and the Dissenters eating and giving dinners as Lord Mayors and Sheriffs, if they could only consent to give up, in return, some of their foolish and obstinate prejudices, and consider his Majesty's Government a much better judge of their belief and happiness, than they themselves. Then they should be generous in their turn : a little reciprocity and good-fellowship is all I ask ; he deserves to be refused who asks more. Now, how stands the case at present ?—I

never saw a Protestant become a Cardinal :—and if to-morrow I wished to obtain a place in one of the Ecclesiastical Colleges at Rome, I dare say I should be refused it, without much ceremony. Why, then, should I give to others what they withhold from me?—and in what degree is a Papist—I mean a Roman Catholic—more persecuted than a Protestant? As to the present government or governments of Italy, I am, I confess, somewhat staggered : but as things may yet change, I cannot say what my opinions may ultimately turn out to be, if I shall be allowed to think and live. One thing only am I certain of,—no great vocation for political or religious martyrdom infects me ; and as, for the half of my life, I was too rash and young for such experiments, I am now too old to think of beginning them.

I hear much vituperation thrown out upon crowned heads ; now these are opinions by no means safe to travel with. On the contrary, as I value my tranquillity, I make a

point of believing them gifted with peculiar grace to do good at the moment of their coronation and anointing, and have no doubt they do it, if one would take the trouble to search it out. I believe the King of France to be as pious as his priests; and the Emperor of Austria to be a tall and wise man, and as well-looking as most of the prints of Kings and Queens one is in the habit of seeing on the cards. I believe the King of Spain to be a much calumniated person,—angry only because he is not allowed to love his people in his own way. I think it quite necessary a rider should have a whip and spurs, if he intends to keep his seat; and do not see any great hardship in losing twenty or thirty of the *canaille*, whom nobody knows or cares about, provided their master can sleep and dine. To weed the nobility, as at Milan, is also now and then a little necessary;—it enricheth the treasury, and it is right that rulers should be paid for their trouble, and keep those who are under them in a proper state of fear and admira-

tion. The King of Naples is too lenient; and I now prophesy that, unless he somehow or other eats up the Lazzaroni, they will eat up him. By being too fatherly, he has the boldest children in the universe:—and had he shaken, and used withal, the birch-rod a little oftener, we should not hear of bandits and Austrians in Terracina.

In a word, the best-governed kingdom, in the mind of a rational man, particularly if he be travelling, is that where the best police is constituted: but by *best*, I mean that which knows the difference between a traveller and a Carbonaro, and treats each as they severally deserve; which allows people to eat, drink, and sleep—(talking and writing are not natural wants)—in perfect comfort, and with satisfaction to themselves and every one around them; and which, provided people admire every thing, is tolerant enough to permit every one the full and free enjoyment of his opinions and liberty; never interfering with either, except in case of a heresy or a war. This is the happiness which I desire.

for Italy, but which I am afraid will not always last: rebellion or revolution (indeed one is only the drawing-room term for the other,) walks about like a noon-day devil; and Carbonarism is making as much preparation, I am given to understand, as Mount Vesuvius, for its next eruption. In such a case, I have no remedy,—and it is an extreme one,—but to turn revolutionist myself; but what can be done? *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*; and better men than I am, and with fewer sacrifices to make, have turned infidels, and, for aught I know, cannibals, in their own defence. I do not pretend to be a soothsayer or a believer in dreams and birds; but if the world is to go on for the next ten years as it has done for the ten last, then may I safely say, no man can decide, who is not a mere mule, in what faith, religious or political, he is likely to die; particularly if he be destined to die in his bed.

And now, with regard to the opusculum which followeth, and which at various intervals I have collected, like the leaves of the

sibyl, into one whole:—if my friend or friends (for, bad as the world is supposed to be, I hope I have two) should chance upon these pages, when what is earthly of me is consigned to its brother dust, let them not deem that in aught I have gone after a spirit of worldly vain-glory, in the inditing these few instructions. Others would have possibly done it better, but there are few who have had an opportunity to do it as well. I have been spurred on by no other motive than a general desire for the benefit of humanity, and the greater utility and glory of the British nation; for even twenty years of absence have not worn *that* out of me, and I am still, maugre gout, disappointments and travelling, in the heart of my heart a true-born, home-manufactured Briton to the last. But purposes will not overtake practices, nor words, deeds;—and finding that I am fast journeying to that land whence no traveller returneth, and that soon must I be, instead of the teacher of twenty, one of the twenty who are taught,—after serious communing with

myself, I have thought no farther time was to be lost, and that the grain should be laid up in the store or ere the winter or the moth cometh.

Such hath been my purpose and intent ; and let my Traveller now answer for me : if I shall have saved but *one* only from miseries which, more or less, all wanderers are heirs to ;—if on reaching Calais on his return, one single pilgrim shall say, laying his hand on my unpretending volume, “ *Here* is the secret of my enjoyments and security ; without such a counsellor I should have seen nothing, or seen every thing ill,—by and through such a guardian, have disappeared from my path musquitoes, fleas, charges, robberies, murders, and death ; fever hath lost its sting, the custom-house its Briarean grasp, the police its Argus eye, the courier his treachery, the innkeeper his duplicity, the bandit his ferocity—and England will receive me, if not richer, not poorer than when I left her bosom ;”—if I shall hear

one such eulogium from one single mouth, and shall be permitted the conviction that I have rendered travelling, in any one way, more easy or more profitable; if I shall have kindled, or brightened into something brighter, the imagination, lightened the tongue, or improved the gait and gesture of my countrymen,—or done a little more than the inventor of the last new carriage-spring or the writer of the last new Itinerary (great names, great benefactors, doubtless, to posterity) in rendering travelling an every-day business within the reach of the humblest citizen, and not below the ambition of the greatest: *then* indeed shall I say, *Nunc dimittis—non omnis moriar*:—my vocation is fulfilled: I *have* lived: I die not wholly; and my shade, consorting with the Ulysses and Platos, and other great travellers of antiquity, shall be deemed a companion not altogether unworthy—*honus erit huic quoque pomo*—and now and then be permitted to say before them, “I also have

travelled—*vixi in Arcadiâ*—and mankind hath not forgotten a contributor to its gratifications.”

—— Vos me celebrate magistrum,
Gloria cuique sua est.

**THE CONTINENTAL
TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.**

INTRODUCTION.

A POET will throw himself *in medias res* :— a philosopher begins with the beginning. My work savoureth more of the latter than of the former ; it is directed to the great well-being of the Commonweal, and not to the wanton excitation of the idler's fantasy. I affect, therefore, no short lanes, no cross cuts to instruction : the Gordian knot must be unravelled, not cut. I begin therefore *ab ovo*, and teach the A B C of travelling, as Nature, and not Art, hath designed it.

That a man travelleth to *talk* of his travels, is an axiom which can scarcely be disputed in the nineteenth century ; but that a man cannot talk without travelling, or travel without due preparation, though it

does not strike so much at first sight, is one not a whit less true. How naturally, then, the whole subject falleth into its proper divisions! the head is not without the trunk, nor the trunk without the feet; but it is a fair tree with all its parts perfect, and each of its branches in its proper place. I am a lover of order even in eating, and think the due marshalling and proper array of the dishes more than one half of the feast. If it be a solecism of a grave nature, injurious both to the imagination and digestion, to eat fish out of its rank and precedence in the procession, is it not equally pernicious to the mental health of the hungry reader, to place before him the flowers and kickshaws, the whipped cream and preserved fruits of his subject, before he hath been nourished well on the soup and bouilli with which every reasonable dinner, in imitation of human life, may be said to commence?

I am therefore, not without cause, a staunch assertor of order, in talking and writing, as well as in eating and government; and

can no more conceive how works are allowed to present themselves in their dressing-gowns to the public,—which, though many-headed, I by no means consider a monster,—than I can conceive how the Lord Chamberlain should permit the first gentleman in the country to kiss hands without the assistance of his bag and wig. Dedications, Prefaces, Biographical Notices, Introductions, are, to all intents and purposes, the bags, wigs, and ruffles of writers ; and to go without them to the court of public opinion, shows a perfect ignorance of good breeding ; a hatred of powder, social order, and legitimacy ; and a tendency to Radicalism, which, much I grieve to say, hath been daily gaining ground amongst the best affected authors, in despite of the Duke of Montrose and Doctor Southey, for these very many years. I am determined, therefore, maugre all sneers to the contrary, to set my face as lustily as a man of my years can do it against this democratically impudent innovation, and never will I give up this good

relic of ancient propriety, as long as arm-chairs are to be preferred to bamboos, and English beef disdains to be fricasseed, at the discretion of any man, into *bœuf à-la-mode*. I begin, I repeat it, from the beginning; and he who travelleth with me must travel at my own pace, and take instruction, the fat and the lean, as I cut it for him, not as his voracity would dictate or desire.

An action consisteth of three parts:—the *Actio Incipiens*—the *Actio Recipiens*—and the *Actio Concipiens* or *Subsequens*:—1st, what begins; 2d, what forms; 3rd, what completes; and in this light regarding travelling, all travelling may be said to be, in like manner, composed of three parts:—The Preparation, the Performance, the Result:—or, 1st, what should be done before setting out; 2nd, what should be done when out; and 3rd, how to employ what hath been done whilst out. Of these three parts doth my whole work consist; and trusting to the benevolence of the kind and gentle reader for a patient, and, perchance, a gracious per-

sal of each of the three,—and praying him a felicitous voyage into safe port—with pleasant winds in poop, and a smooth sea to boot,—I thus begin, with what courage I may, this first part—which consisteth of eighty-five Directions, Oracles, or, more modestly speaking it, after the manner of the Ancients, *Dicta*.

FIRST PART.

FIRST PART.

THE PREPARATION, OR WHAT SHOULD BE
DONE BEFORE SETTING OUT.

—Je vais où va toute chose—
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier.

ARNAULD.

1st *Dictum*.—*Nascitur poeta, fit orator.*

Both may be applied to the traveller—*nascitur et fit*: he must be born with the proper organization—*nascitur*; he must improve it by continual exercise—*fit*.

2. By exercise, I mean, eyes that can see, ears that can hear, legs that can walk, a tongue that can speak; in a word, a body with a soul—but a soul also, with a decent kind of body.

3. By exercise, I mean, seeing with one's own eyes, hearing with one's own ears, walking with one's own legs, and speaking, if one can, with one's own tongue; in fine, living, and keeping one's self awake; — not, as many do, doing every thing but eating by proxy, or sauntering about through existence, with their souls in one place and bodies in another — somnambulists from their very birth.

4. Children destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once, before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom either:—they should be clad thinly;—the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They

may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter :—there was a reason for every branch of the regulation, and it was, besides, economical. Should their weakly constitutions sink under it, the parents ought not to have chosen this profession: the fault is with them, and not with my *dictum*.

5. Give the future traveller those books to read which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant, (truth can be had any where,) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and, I believe, Ireland—(if any one travels there, now that he can travel any where else);—Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family, for France; and as for Switzerland, I leave him to William Tell, Macready, and the Panoramas.

6. It is a false idea,—*experto crede*,—to teach a child the languages: lost time, words not things, much whipping, no less disgust;

this is the harvest of those who sow the wind to reap the whirlwind, and do nothing but rear a cross child into a stubborn boy. A servant will perform the wonder which defied the pedagogue, in a single week. It is true, he will not teach reading—but a man may read to travel, but does not travel to read. Should he show any genius that way, it cannot be helped. After a few days chattering, add the vocabulary—Galignani's, if you like—if not, and you have no choice, my nephew's: I warrant you, he will never after want post-horses, or a good dinner. As to the ladies,—a good person, and a sweet smile, speak every language: *Probatum est.*

7. But other accomplishments should not be neglected: smoking, for instance, which cannot be begun too soon. I would put a boy into the short-pipe at six, if possible; then get him at ten to the German, and to the Chibouque, and the Hookah, or Narghili, (if intended for the *voyage outremer*,) at twelve. The niceties, for there is as much idiom in sufflation as in snuff-taking, can only be ac-

quired in the country itself. All that can be done is to prevent him from getting a bad accent, a brogue ;—by early care, the manner at least may be kept pure. Travelling itself must do the rest.

8. I see no use in the classics. Let me be understood ; since they have been given up by the Universities, (for who now reads Virgil to obtain a living ?) they have no business in polished society. All that did well enough in Robert Ascham's days, when, for aught I know, the accounts of the beer-cellar were kept in hexameters, and people scanned every line as narrowly as if it were a bill of exchange. At present, every thing is simplified—essences, salts, abridgements :—we may carry about a medicine-shop in a thimble, and a library in a catalogue, or the Pope's post-book. I brought nothing with me into Italy but my shirts, and this :—and no one saw any difference between me and Professor Elmsley, until after a time.

9. I see no use in drawing. Why draw what has been already drawn ? Do you

think you will do it better? It is throwing fresh perfume on the violet. Rather go into the next shop and buy it. I dare say it will be much better done, ten times more like,—and as to economy, will cost less than the English paper and Brookman's pencils, which you cut and spoil, to the benefit of no one but the vender. I hate the affectation:—besides, it is so effeminate; if a man draws, depend upon it he can never hunt. It is only fit for mechanics and sick ladies—of no use but to start a flirtation, or exchange one for a marriage,—both so perilous, that I know not which I am most to apprehend; but each is sufficient to stop a traveller in the very outset.

10. Young ladies, therefore, should be as carefully kept from pencils as from pen and ink. Let them read, and learn to quote, their Bible instead;—they will have occasion for both in Italy. The galleries abound with Magdalens, Susannas, and Potiphar's wives. But let them be on their guard; and whenever they go to see them, with Papa and Mamma,

be taught to keep, like good children, their eyes on the ground. A seeker of truth will at once perceive there is as great a difference between reading and seeing, as between seeing and doing. The histories in the Scripture are the word of God; but these naughty pictures are the works of men.

11. Statues, thank God! are rarely to be found in England. Whenever they wear trowsers, I think, or see, no harm in them. If with mantles, like our Kings and Queens in Westminster Abbey, still better,—these are great incitements to virtue. But the *gens braccata* and *togata* both are very scarce in Italy. It is therefore, on the whole, more judicious for parents and instructors not to let young ladies know there are such things as statues in the world; so that when they go abroad, they may have no curiosity, and not know what to make of them when they see them.

12. Should you have, by chance, any engravings from museums, galleries, &c. &c. and find it necessary to have them framed,

to hide the nakedness of your walls, cover them, if at all indecorous, with brown paper, and you may rest secure no one will have the curiosity or audacity to lift it up, or take a peep at what was designed only for yourself.

18. If, however, a young lady shows an indomitable love of the Arts, or *Fine Arts* as they are called by those who profess them, and insists on having a drawing-master from the village, because Miss Angelica Greville Grundy has had one, and she is at this moment in possession, after ten months labour, and sixty guineas salary, of five of his most admired drawings, why, I would indulge her, because genius cannot be put down; and allow her to paint flowers after the best sixpenny engravings; shells too, if she like, and insects of all kinds seen in the microscope; Chinese, who are of no sex; trees, fountains, farm-houses, (but without their inhabitants,) cows, dogs, horses — if they be not too large; — and provided always, for health's sake, she uses with her brushes nothing but wholesome spring water.

14. I hate oil-painting ; it is only fit for house-painters. The turpentine is deleterious, and an old lady of my acquaintance died of the smell, by inhabiting a house next to a portrait-painter, though she had resisted a dropsy in the chest for nearly a year. I never saw a young lady who painted in oils, but smelt and looked it. I believe the effluvium fixes in the eyes and cheeks, and devours one after the manner of a Vampire. A man who is to gain his livelihood may do it, for there are sweep-chimneys and what not in the world ; but a lady's fingers should be kept inviolate from ink and oil, if she means to be presentable in public. The very name, like that of a marriage or a steam-packet, sickens me. I have always taken care never to paint, myself, not knowing the moment I may be obliged to receive a visitor.

15. Water-colours I believe are good things; so is painting (except for the expense) on velvet. As long as the arts are confined to painting fire-screens, table-covers, and such-

like objects of utility, I should have no objection to patronize them. Trifles of this kind have often gained the sympathies of a maiden aunt ;—and a stool for a gouty uncle hath worked more in a girl's life than if she had presented him with the twelve gods, ten feet high, in their proper persons on canvass, as I had the satisfaction of seeing them in my youth at Mount Somerstown.

16. A talent for miniature is a most dangerous talent. Not being able to make one beautiful, a young Miss, rather than not make one at all, will make one ugly. Old relations, under pretences of affection, are usually the victims. I never could be induced to go into a family where there were any of these miniature or monster-mongers, and once broke off an acquaintance, because I observed the eldest daughter looking at me all the time of dinner, and keeping her hands constantly employed under the table. If a man must have his portrait, there are Silhouette machines in every street : they are

impartial, have a conscience, and will do your business for half-a-crown.

17. If a girl *will* draw landscapes, let her draw them from her own head; keep her by all means, or any, from Nature. She will catch colds in England, fevers in Italy,—or, for aught I know, may be run over, or run away with, in either country, by a bull or a man. If she must go out a-sketching (for it may be the fashion as well as waltzing), let her go out with her mamma by her side in her barouche and four, and catch distant views of the mountains, which, after all, are the main points in a picture. On her return home, she can give them to her drawing-master, who will finish them by the next company-day, and so well, no one will see the difference between him and his pupil. Thus her morality will not suffer for the support of her reputation.

18. I have heard that some young ladies engrave. I can scarcely credit it. I would as soon drink aquafortis, as smell it. A lady

who engraves is capable (I should be sorry to say a harsh thing) of poisoning or exercising sorcery. There is little difference between making up a potion, and making up an etching. Butchers are not allowed to sit on juries; and I should be sorry to sit down to dinner with a lady-engraver, particularly had I the misfortune to have quarrelled with her in the morning.

19. A boy is to be treated with the same precaution as a girl. He should despise the inutilities of life, however elegant. He may *talk* of planning, and engineering, but need *learn* neither. A bold assertion is, on the Continent, a bill of exchange which no one has time or patience to examine, or protest, and cashes, out of mere hurry and press of business. Besides, measurements are the property of every one,—a man may copy in one morning what would take him, to measure, nearly half his life.

20. I hate all music but Mr. Growley's, and that I like because it is English, and natural. For German, a man must have an

ear, and for Italian, a heart. Now Mr. Growley requires neither; all you want is to be a little national, and to have dined.

21. As music has become the law and the prophets—something must be learnt of it,—at least by ladies, whether they have ears, or hearts. I am not one to fly in the face of the usances, and tolls, and customs of society:—this is one of them—but then we may choose our coin, though we are obliged to pay it. Now this, after all, is perhaps the principal point, as any one knows who has read the report of the Bullion committee, and is not convinced that gold is paper.

To come then to music: the music which was played in my youthful days was a well-conducted, steady, decent, John Bull, high-church kind of music enough, and left the heart and the head very nearly where it found them. I never remember being in the least whit moved except once, and that was with the Duke of York's march; but then I had heard rumours of invasion about a quarter of an hour before. The Irish airs

were what the Scotch are now—the best dancing airs for a village wake that can be imagined; till they were introduced (by a certain Mr. Moore,) into the families of great persons, and of course debauched—like many other villagers. We are now thrown, *pejor atas*, upon Italian airs, which, as long as young ladies knew nothing of Italian words, did as well as the last anthem:—but now that *amore* no longer means Hobgoblin, (as my old maiden aunt explained it,) nor *di tanti palpiti*, her dandy cousin,—I must say the thing is quite altered. Ladies who are in the habit of calling their masters *mio caro speme* six days in the week, are likely to call him *mio caro bene* on the seventh. Whether they find him so, depends much on papa and mamma; but *andante* and *adagio* are great match-makers, and would to God they were nothing worse. I have known more *mésalliances* from crotchets and quavers, put improperly together, than from any other combination against domestic happiness extant. I therefore say it again and again, ladies

who have voices will make use of them and sing, and much it behoveth guardians and teachers to put their voices, so singing, in the way in which they should go. I would bring them, morning and evening, to church, and make them devout and sweet singers before the Lord by contagion. People speak of "airs singing in one's ears," and "not getting an air out of one's head." Had I the care of a young lady, I warrant you I would so put into her ears and head "Praise ye the Lord on the cymbal and organ," that she should find no room for French or Italian airs for many years to come. Nor need she be apprehensive of her master.—There is no instance in which a serious singer has been known to turn aside after the ways of vanity. He has eyes which see not, he has ears which hear not, (except in the way of his profession;) he will not trick out the body at the expense of the soul, but lead both, by the flowery paths of an elegant accomplishment, into the haven of eternal salvation.

22. As to the instrument—a spinnet hath

no pretension ;—is housewifely, modest, accompanies as well as any other, and fills up, as well as a sofa, a place in a room. Guitars, lutes, harps, lyres, are full of danger :—the very name of either is as immoral as a French novel ; puts a young lady in love first with herself, and then with others ; and exposes her to the first pretender who insists on playing *them*, and, which is all one thing, *her lover*. Parents who encourage this error, in travelling on the Continent, ought not to be surprised if they miss their daughter at the first inn. Lute-players infest every courtyard from Calais to Rome ; and I have lately heard, they have even penetrated to London. It is singular the Society for the Suppression of Vice does not look to it. If not vice itself, it is a flagrant incentive thereunto. Now, however I may wish that young and old should travel, I do not wish they should perish everlastingly for their tour. *Est modus in rebus*—above all things, moderation. Without it, I should not have got rid of the gout.

23. A young lady, therefore, who plays or sings, should, more than any other, be put upon her guard.—She should be taught, from the example of her grandmamma (if she have the misfortune to have one living), to avoid all approaches, in song or otherwise, to the tender passion. If touched on, she should immediately place herself in imagination in her stead, and say, “Would grandmamma do this? would grandmamma do that? would *she* allow herself to be caught by these butterflies and scarlet runners,—would *she* smile as I do, at these warblers and sonneteers?”—If miss have not the presence of mind to do this, and is allowed to slip away after her own inclinations,—I cannot positively say where such giddiness may end. But parents who do not like to have fiddlers for their sons in law, should look to it in time. A madrigal or sonata is no exchange for the loss of a daughter.

24. To prevent this more effectually, I would put into her hands, before she travel, all the dreadful catastrophes which have oc-

curred to self-willed and giddy young ladies, from the time of Thisbe, to the "unfortunate Miss Bailey." This is morality preaching by example ; and if I am to conclude *à particulari ad universale*, from myself to others, must no doubt produce a deep and indelible impression. It is on a similar principle they put the history of shipwrecks into your hands, before going to sea—in order to encrease your horror of being drowned.

25. She should be taught that the Continent is a lion's den, and Frenchmen and Italians little better than two-legged lions. If, after that, she chooses to be eaten up, I must only say the fault is with her ; and her parents' conscience and reputation are altogether out of the scrape. The world will, or ought to say, she has been devoured after due notice, and got into trouble because she liked it.

26. Now for literature : our ancestors did without it, and lived longer and better than we do. Next to matrimony, and pomade, (both *divine* until tried), blueism is the

greatest cause of wrinkles. I believe it to be of no use to any one but parsons, and to them only until they have got their livings. As to young ladies, they might as well wear mustachios, as pretend to any thing so masculine. Remember the tree of knowledge—what a shocking hand they made of it! An amiable ignorance is a part of the sex: woman looks quite unfeminine without it.

27. I have said, I would confine a young lady to her Bible;—she must be very fastidious indeed, if she do not find enough to amuse her between the Canticles and Apocalypse. I would banish Italian as Greek, or the Greek fire, from my house. It will burn under cold water. It is quite sufficient she pronounces correctly three or four hard names, and does not confound them with her other acquaintances. It would be improper to say on the Continent, “poor Metastasio, who died mad,” or to talk of “the Abbate Tasso,” or “the Chevalier Dante, who was so great a friend to the late Emperor of Austria,” or “Boccacio and his Inferno.”

These slips will pass at home, for accent is every thing—Italian is such a soft language;—but abroad people are apt to be cynical, not being so well-bred, and will not wait for an explanation.

28. In French, a young lady may be said to have made quite sufficient progress, who can *marchander*, without the additional blunders of an interpreter. For this, she should get a vocabulary of the Rue Vivienne from her cousins,—for there are no young ladies whose cousins have not been at Paris,—and read it over, with her hand on the French, every morning, fasting. Nothing like learning before one has eaten muffins or hot rolls;—it has the precedence in your imagination the whole day after. Unless this be done, or something better, when she buys, she will buy ill;—besides paying for her silks, she will have to pay for her words, and, I need not say, ten times more than both are worth, though summed up and multiplied together.

29. The *Cui bono* philosophy is the only one now practised, and will soon be the only

one preached. As nothing, therefore, is worth doing, but what is useful, I would extend the lesson I have been just giving to your daughter, *mutatis mutandis*, to your son. A perfect knowledge of the *carte* (not *charte*, but what will live much longer, because founded on wants every way more real,) is not only useful, but to a man who intends to live to the best of his power, altogether indispensable. For want of it, in my youth, I have taken chambertin for vin du pays, and drunk it as such, until I was convinced, by paying seven francs instead of seven sous, that I had made an irreparable mistake. How much of the zest and flavour I had lost !— Paying seven francs for wine, does almost as much for it as walling it up in your best bin for seven years.

N. B. Beauvilliers and Very are both very voluminous in that way.* Beauvilliers has

* Ude is likely to eclipse both.—“ To make the third she join'd the other two.”—Lord Byron canonized him before his death ; and posterity will envy us such a poet and such an *artist*, but I dare not say which of the two most.

most taste, Very most genius ; but they are both rich, varied, and highly picturesque in their expression. Even an advanced scholar may study them with advantage. I should feast with Very, but live with Beauvilliers. That country, I must say, is supremely blest which possesses both. Let them lie on your table with your passport and miniature : they may be always read with satisfaction ; with a good memory you may dine off of them ;—and no one can be said to have been miserable, who has had time and money to study them *au fond*.

30. Italian dishes are nothing more than French deserters, in the Italian service. The traveller has nothing to do, when he gets to one of their inns, but to stick an *o*, or an *i*, at the end of some of Very's inventions, and he runs a good chance of being comprehended and served at the same time. If this will not answer, particularly when at a stand in the mountains, why I see nothing so good as pulling out a Latin phrase—if he has not left them all behind him with his sons in England—and beating the boy until he con-

sents to understand him. If it be not obstinacy, and he has forgotten the language of his ancestors indeed, it is a still stronger reason why he should be punished. Nothing but the Pope and idleness could have brought him to that pass. Even Irish, I am informed, is still spoken in Ireland.

81. So much for the literary acquirements (which, after all, are very secondary matters) of your pupil. I now come to something of real importance; the pivot upon which turns, or (to speak more correctly, after a late minister,) the feature upon which hinges, so much of the happiness and unhappiness of every class of travelling mankind. One may be blind, one may be deaf, one may be even dumb, (in my mind the least calamity of the three,) and all this will be compassionated, and complimented, and imitated, and once or twice in the century become the fashion;—but to be a two-legged creature and not dance,—to be neither a dancing nor a danceable animal, in the midst of a dancing world, is a heresy, like that of the Gnostics, against the well-being and very existence of society;

and for which there is no forgiveness reserved even in the breast of the tenderest of women, unless on plea of the gout, or a cork-leg, or no legs at all: and which, if it does not incur excommunication, *ipso facto*, from *soirées* and ices, generally terminates in these, or such like inflictions,—from which every reasonable traveller must always beg Fortune to defend, in her benignity, both him and all his tribe. Dancing is every thing, and every thing is dancing:—judge, then, if years and fortunes be not well spent, which teach the young feet—or ere they become old—not to walk, but dance.

32. Beasts do not dance—men do: * it is therefore another distinctive of rationality. But how is it to be brought out, or improved? This is a consideration surely not unworthy of a rational man. I am inclined to think it absolutely innate. Dancing, or the power, *per se*, like the power of dressing,

* *Distinguo*—my uncle means,—*instinctu divinitatis—naturaliter*. It is the recognition of this dictum, indeed, which forms the very basis of Ton,

must be born with one. Who will say that the indescribable tie of a cravat is to be acquired? It would be just as possible to acquire the fingers which tie it. Your tailor or dancing-master could do little for a bear except merely prove, in a more obvious and sometimes tangible way, that he is not a man. The step will come, and the habit become, despite of all obstacles and disparagements. Genius will burst through rocks and iron;—education can do little against stupidity and sand-bags. Feet are nothing without head, and the soul will gleam through a cotillon.

33. It follows, therefore, that, without this head and soul,—this *vis motrix*, within one,—all pains and money spent in mere teaching are pains thrown away after money, and money thrown away after pains. Nor am I quite sure, whether it might not be better for the traveller-to-be to allow Nature to dance her own jig. She knows what is good for him better than himself; and the French have it, “*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*” The

very soil of France, besides, like the bite of the tarantula, or a heated iron-floor,* will teach you dancing. Every thing breathes of quadrille:—it is in the face of the black-eyed maiden, in the curtsy of the buxom widow, in the saunter of the papa, in the whirl of the son, in the leap of the child, in the what-not of the grandchild; and, if there be any difficulty at all, it is in keeping one's hands and legs quiet, and not running into a dance with every thing one sees. I have seen bishops salute with a step, and grave citizens from St. Clement's Lane "*chasser et balancer*," "*sans peur et sans reproche*," the very moment they leapt on the quay at Boulogne or Calais. Nor am I at all surprised at it:—a country without footways, and with dirty streets, has at least this advantage—it teaches a girl to pick her way through the mud; suggests *petit-à-petit* a charming little, mincing, menacing, tiptoe movement, which, with the least "*intention*" in the world, and a good fiddle behind her,

* Sandford and Merton.

and a good player behind the fiddle, must, sooner or later, slide into a dance. Now, our ladies, who have a large smooth pavement to stride over—to say nothing of the feet and legs with which they stride—may do very well in case of an invasion: they march, but do not dance, and would no doubt (whatever they may be in a ball-room) conduct themselves in a field of battle as stoutly as the best of our grenadiers. I throw this out, *en passant*, as a mere hint; but the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that much more of the national character is dependant on the manner in which our streets are paved than Lord Sidmouth, who set down every thing to himself and the Constitution, can be at all aware of.

84. Quadrilles, therefore, need not be *learned*, by those, at least, who are intended for France. Their feet will fall into them while their tongues are falling into the language. Necessity is the mother, or stepmother, of invention; and young ladies who would become

wives, and gentlemen husbands, must in the interval, (what I imagine is quite as agreeable,) either *chasser* or be *chasséed* out of society. Hunger, as well as Melpomene, may make a fish speak; and who is there that has not, once in his life, danced for love?—or something which a young lady, at least, would consider very like it.

35. But there are dances and dances;—and it behoveth much the youth of both sexes that they be taught, ere it be too late, to make and maintain the distinction. Now, however I approve, or permit rather, such inevitable amusements as quadrilles, I cordially abhor, condemn, and renunciate, under all their denominations, both waltzes and waltzers. The waltz is formally forbidden by the Bible. I once wrote a dissertation to prove this, which was read by my maiden aunt, an old clergyman, and his lame nephew, and so highly approved of by each, that I had the intention of publishing it, and dedicating it to the King, as head of the Church, and distributing it gratis at the door of every

assembly-room during the season, from Spa to Cheltenham. I see no difference between an inveterate old waltzer and Potiphar's wife. This is the Ionic measure reprobated by Horace; and Lord Byron (who, I am glad to perceive, showed dispositions to be converted before his death, and, had he lived to my age, would have been still farther convinced of the vanity of all flesh)—Lord Byron, I say, has dedicated his powerful talents to the extirpation of the same abuse.* I was never nearer marrying imprudently than after my first waltz. It is the champagne of the art; a single round is sufficient to intoxicate. It is a fiery furnace; Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, could not pass it. I think it necessary thus to cry out, in good season, "fire!" because it is usually a very long time before the stupidity of our present generation can perceive even the smoke. I should like to see our great-grandmothers at such a spectacle! "This," might they well ex-

* "Ode to Waltzing." It is a sort of sixth satire of Juvenal.

claim, "has come of leaving off trains and hoops. The most decent amongst them is not better than an Herodias."

And how could it be otherwise?—the snares are manifold, the fowler active, and the poor bird blindfold. First, Mademoiselle (or Miss, if she has not travelled) dances with Mademoiselle—and surely there is no harm in that;—then, Miss, or Mademoiselle, finds she has a brother, which is one point gained in the chain,—by whom shall I say, if not by the Devil?—then the *brother* becomes the *cousin*—german, of course, for a week or two,—but after that, on he goes from first to second, and from second to third; so that before the month is out, he has arrived at the thirty-third or forty-third; and at last the whole of her acquaintances are *cozened*, and the relationship, in the spirit of an embracing and waltzing philanthropy, spreads out to the entire world!—And when now she has no one to *refuse*, she begins to *choose*, and things travel to such a pass, that I protest to God, I think a German marriage is the

lighter and looser union of the two. It is quite right that young ladies, and not a whit less old ladies, should see and be seen, in order to be married;—they are only taking proper means to second the designs of Providence; for Adam and Eve existed, and had children, long before there were Nunneries;—but inasmuch as I dislike a “*fumo di carne cotta*” before dinner, so also do I profoundly abhor all this play and circumstance before marriage,—if indeed it hath always the good fortune to terminate in that.

I do therefore ardently beseech all parents, as having the bowels of a parent myself, to look well to it, or ere they entrust wittingly and willingly such tender flowers to the handling and spoiling of the Evil One. For I say it, as of a certainty, of which there needeth little proof, that sooner shall the dew which is once shaken be renewed, or the brilliancy of the butterfly, once brushed off, be refreshed, than purity of maiden which hath felt the touch and soil of a waltzer. “All that” will come time enough,

as any mother will tell ; but as ladies were never intended to have several husbands, so do I see no good reason why they should crave or have, in their lieu, several or sundry waltzers..

I have thus lengthily extended my caution, because, if there be any one abuse of the age more besetting than another, it is surely *this* ; nor for this reason only do I cry, but because none other so disparages, or brings into evil repute, the innocent and moral profession of travelling. Germany is said to be always waltzing—when it is not smoking ; France is a giddy-heeled and giddy-headed nation, and the Rhine but a poor *cordon sanitaire* against the contagion. Italy has nothing to lose ;—and it is of less moment whether she waltzes or not. But why should I speak ?—Is England, vice-suppressing, bible-reading, preaching, praying, proper, perfect England—is England herself pure ? Are there not, at this very moment that I write, mothers and daughters in every ball-room, performing before hundreds these

impious rites?—A girl waltzes before she can well stand—*de tenero meditatur ungue*—before she has cut her nails, or teeth. What can we expect from others, when we are the first to spread the pestilence ourselves? My worst foe cannot say that of me. “*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*,”—I have neither blasphemed nor waltzed before any of these little ones. Let others say or do as much, and save the Nation what it annually expends in buying and binding Testaments.—Why search for Pagans abroad when we have them at home?—why seek to improve the morals of the Hindoo widows, when we cannot prevent our own daughters from waltzing?

36. But if I am asked, what is the dance I would substitute, had I my choice in the selection—I would at once answer, I would *substitute* nothing,—but I would *retain*. Have we not our own country-dance,—why should it be given up?—Nothing worse could have happened, had the country been invaded by the Boulogne Flotilla, and our amusements turned upside-down by a

French Act of Parliament. An Englishman should no more be ashamed of his country, or its steps, before aliens, than a man, of a man's gait and gesture before apes. The English country-dance is a dance true and good, danced by as good men and true as any, I will be bold to say, now extant. I care not whether it be graceful or not ; that, after all, is not the question. It sufficeth me, and ought others, that it is an ancient, wholesome, and honest exercise ; it goes right to its purpose ; is clear, straight-forward, and matter-of-fact ; has common sense and common decency in its favour ; but above all, is *English* : in a word, was invented by Englishmen, belongs to Englishmen, and ought to be the only dance, at home or abroad, either danced or applauded by Englishmen.

37. So much for the ornamentals.—Let us now look a little to the solids. I would have the young lady, if possible, a good accountant, and a good sempstress. The courier may fall ill, or cheat her ;—the lady's

maid, if she does not make her gowns, may lose them. But "*non omnia possumus omnes*;" and nobler cares now occupy travellers. It is usual to leave every thing now-a-days, but sight-seeing, to your servants:—I presume they are persons of education and conscience, and value the interests of society too much to rob a man;—as professedly in search, of truth, indeed, as their enlightened masters.

38. Gentlemen ought to know how to ride. A good horse will go as far as a bad diligence: besides, there is the pleasure of riding,—you can talk at dinner of its pleasure. I am not decided as to its economy. One of my friends lost three horses, though he performed groom and courier himself, between Paris and Dijon;—but then he *saw* the country, and this he could not have done without taking lodgings, at treble the expense, in every town. In a mail-coach, one finds it impossible; a man who travels all night must sleep all day: in a calesche, no

one thinks of doing it—but of this in my Second Part.

39. Some gentlemen prefer walking. If a man does it without being obliged to do it—like a gentleman—and in a place where horses are bad or not to be had, or where carriages cannot permeate,—methinks he acteth wisely, and should in no way be rebuked or reprehended for it, notwithstanding the sentiment of Alfieri. But as to the glory of it,—candidly speaking, and no offence to the Peripatetics,—I do not think any one can set up lion-ship on mere perambulation. I do not think it would stand two hours' ratiocination. Nothing appears to me so simple as putting one leg before the other; and to do it two days, when you have done it one, or ten when you have done it two, is simply nothing more than eating your dinner to-day, because you ate it yesterday, or to-morrow, because you eat it to-day. Captain-Barclays may be found everywhere; but give me the rider of Bucephalus, when you talk of glory.

40. One of the great drawbacks on travelling is want of comfort. I do not disparage, nor will I in my presence, as long as I breathe, suffer any one else to disparage, any thing English;—but let us understand the word. What is comfort? you might as well ask half the world, what is taste? There is comfort, and comfort;—English comfort, French comfort, Italian comfort, and, let me add, Lapland and Greenland comfort, and Hottentot comfort. Now, I am for *all* these comforts,—not indeed for all of them at once, but for all of them, one after the other, according as I happen to be—I mean *pro tempore*—a Frenchman or Italian, Laplander or Hottentot. And what can be more reasonable? What would a Laplander say, for instance, were I to recommend him to use his bear's-grease on his head instead of his fish;—in other words, were I to speak to him of the *comfort* of expending his breakfast, and perhaps that of his family, on what, after all, with the little light he has, he scarcely knows he possesses,—upon his head—

dress! Then again, if I were to talk to a Hottentot *belle* of the pleasure of spending half her life in the dark, and having no toilette to attend to, is it not quite certain that the lady, however well bred, would kick up her heels, and trot off in a loud laugh, both at me, and my comfort? This is reasoning with your hand upon the subject, or, as saith the great Metaphysician, sending one directly to his senses. But let us go a little farther, and see how it will stand with the Frenchman or Italian. It is precisely the same thing. Is not an Englishman, in respect to an Italian, only a gentler and warmer kind of Laplander, and the Italian to the Englishman a cooler, or colder kind of Hottentot? I see, therefore, no more satisfactory reason why we should insist on having, or finding, English comforts in Italy, than Lapland comforts in Africa, or *vice versâ*. This point, and it is a *dignus vindice nodus*, well explained, as I now trust it is, will go a great way to reconcile the most fastidious to many, until this moment, insurmountable

horrors. There is one way of always having a fair wind—that is, always sailing before one: and I cannot sufficiently repeat, that the short and simple secret of getting through the world with success, is doing at Rome as Rome does, and knowing how to make a big bow, in the proper place.

41. It is, therefore, I take it, tolerably clear, that the first thing which a traveller, *de futuro*, has to think of, is to determine well in his own mind,—or, if this be too laborious, to allow his friends or parents (if he have either) to determine for him,—what country he shall first visit and explore,—whether he shall pass through or abide therein,—in a word, what are his objects and ends; and then he may be permitted with better sense and security to look about for the means.

A man generally succeeds much better in things of which he knows something, than in things of which he knows nothing,—an apothegm, by-the-by, of great importance; and, if I were to judge by the conduct of mankind, till this moment altogether unknown. Now,

if a man be panting for a cool winter in the Arctic circle, and insists on being present, and altogether in for the passing of the North-west passage, it is obvious he will not follow the same course of regimen and gymnastics, moral and physical, as if he were athirst for the White River, and determined to wanton in the black beauty of Timbuctoo. And, to go a little farther, and thence bring the matter somewhat nearer home ;—how many respectable ladies and gentlemen are there, whose purses, however inflated on starting, can never bring them beyond the Alps, but, like the wind-bags of Ulysses, from rents or other causes, will, if they attempt the venture, most probably leave them in the Scylla or Charybdis of Geneva or Lausanne.—Others there are, again, who, having threaded these straits with skill and courage, entertain lofty intentions of seeing Switzerland and the worlds beyond, but are suddenly recalled from the dream by a law-suit, which they had scotched, but not killed, at home, in time to prevent the extravagance of commit-

ting an Italian tour, to which some whirlpool, in the shape of a friend, was hurrying them onward. Others, born under happier stars, have by little and little, *pedetentim* and *seriatim*, with a *festina lentè* prudence and discretion, long since weathered every cape, and boldly ventured to Naples and Sicily—for a long time the *ne plus ultra* of Continental travellers;—whilst a fourth class, happier than all, the truly favoured of the Gods, the envied of men, drink of every wine, hear every language, abuse every conveyance, and see and taste all Europe *radicitus*, in its gamesters, women, and postboys, without the least benediction before meat or after meat, or the most distant conviction of their singular advantages over the untravelled millions of mankind.

Now all these classes are to be tutored differently, broken in after a different *manège*, and in this *manège* and tutorship consist the *arcana arcanissima* of my science. Many are the persons who have consulted, as an oracle, my arm-chair on this very question;

the *Quid agendum*? I had but one answer to give them, the *Quid agis*?—and so indeed it is. Tell me what you are doing, and I will tell you what to do;—your ends, and you shall have the means; your projects, and I will bring you to them, with the same facility and certainty wherewith I understand the mewings, and satisfy, in their appointed season, the wants and wishes of my cats.

42. I begin with France, because nine travellers out of ten generally do the same; it being very nearly a part of England, or, as a Turkish friend of mine once expressed it, England being little better than a peninsula of France. Steam-boats, hironnelles and velocifères, have brought it still closer; and the Pas de Calais has now become a *pas* indèed. Little preparation is necessary for such a jaunt; and, to say the truth, it hath this advantage over other countries, that the boat which carries you there, returns as fast as it goes, and no one need stay longer in the hive than as he finds or likes the bees. But notwithstanding all this, a Frenchman is not a

part and parcel of an Englishman, nor an Englishman of a Frenchman ;—the one is of the *Simia*, the other of the *Taurus* kind ; and there is as much chance of their making one, as of seeing a people of chimæras, or finding that salts and kalis had agreed to make up their differences, and were determined to dwell in matrimonial peace and comfort for the future. Now it stands to reason, that success with such a nation, so monkified, (it was from them that Lord Monboddó took his theory,) cannot well be attained, without some monkey accomplishments of one's own ; and hence it is that a traveller who must needs take Paris in his way, ought for some time before to addict himself, after the example of the German Baron, to a much livelier discipline than if he were about to export himself to Russia, for the admiration of its bears, who, with all due reverence, had much better not be approached at all.

43. A French traveller, besides knowing four or five quadrilles, should write English,—read French, at least the papers,—have by

heart three columns of the vocabulary—the names of Racine's plays—three or four of Corneille's—two of Voltaire's, (despising every thing else,) and the last scenes of *Le Medecin malgré lui*. Rousseau he may be ignorant of;—no Christian, and much less an Englishman, reads him now. Montesquieu he should laugh at, and quote Blackstone. Pascal he should not mistake for a jesuit; and Madame de Stael should, in gratitude for her "Revolution," be forgiven her "Germany" and "Corinne." It would be also well to pick up something of Revolutionary chronology, if he intend to appear in society; otherwise he may mistake Chateaubriand, judging only from his works, for a flatterer of the Corsican,* and the Marshals of France for dishonourable men, and Talleyrand, the faithful supporter of the Altar and the Throne, for the subverter of both, and the cognomen *Desiré* for desired or desirable, and *la Charte* for our Charter,—when *all that*

* See the dedication to the *Génie du Christianisme*, and compare it with his semi and ultra Bourbon tracts.

has been long since changed, and the heart is now to be found on the side where it ought. I meddle little in politics myself; and as to constitutions, being satisfied *we* have the best possible, care not whether the French, Spaniards, or Greenlanders, are without one, or whether they are likely to continue so until doomsday; but I have a conscience, and some regard for my friends, and particularly for my readers,—and I confess, I should feel sorry to see any one of them pistoled by an Ultra for a Democrat, or what is worse, a Liberal,—or by a Liberal for a Jesuit, long or short-robed, which I believe to be not quite so good as an Ultra.

This is to be avoided, as I have already said, by being a good chronologist, (and the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes* will marvellously assist you in such studies;) and secondly, by pretending to no more colour or character than water, taking the colour of every one, and keeping that of none.—I only know one better mode than this, which is, not saying a single word on the matter, keeping close

to one's corner, and laughing quietly and comfortably in one's sleeve at those who, instead of eating and drinking well, are committing themselves abominably abroad. But then comes a scruple;—although this may do very well in England, where every man's corner is his castle, and a castle too which even a Princess Royal cannot violate—in France, where there are neither castles nor corners since the Revolution, I doubt much whether it can be always brought to bear. There is a remedy, however, which no one who has ever heard Lord Castlereagh speak can be ignorant of—making talk answer all the purposes of silence. Talleyrand said something of the kind, and his conduct repeats what he once said, every day.

In whatever French society you should happen to be, you should never remember, or rather, you should remember to forget, whether a government exists at all. If this be impossible, at least forget Bonaparte:—consider his fifteen years reign a tale of the

Jacobins, got up like the decapitation of Charles I. to vex Kings;* pass over the Revolution as *non-avenue*, and believe that the Column Vendôme was raised during the reign of Louis XVIII. as the white flag on its summit testifies, but by whom, or for whom, neither ask, nor care.†

This is the sensible conversation of *un homme comme il faut*; and that Marquise must be inexorable indeed, or have something *roturier* in her blood, who can resist so much good sense, and good principle, in one and the same person. It will cost you few words, and repay you many dinners; and you will return to England, with an accurate list of the Valets du Roi, some of the pet

* Such was the opinion of Ferdinand of Naples. I do not know whether he ever felt the pain in his neck with which all monarchs are said to rise upon the anniversary of the execution of King Charles the Martyr.

† The white flag was to Bourbonize the glory of the French Empire, and a full-bottomed peruque to change Napoleon to a Louis. But it could no more make the one little, than the other great.

phrases Madame de Pompadour used in driving her white mice, and, above all, with a most enlarged view of European politics, in case—which Providence and the Holy Allies avert—of a general war.

44. But if you happen, by a good dinner, or a country ball, or some other such-like syrenish inducement, to be cast away, and shipwrecked amongst the Jacobins, do as you would be done by, and make no difficulty about mounting the Tricolor. Become an exceeding admirer of the past; rail like the Fox in the Fable against the present; compliment all the unhappy martyrs near you on their uncompromising and impregnable virtue, and (you are not bound to be more correct in this particular than if speaking to an ugly old widow,) turn adroitly between the courses to their frugality and honesty, and reserve for the dessert and the Burgundy your *messenienne* on the proverbial ingratitude of all kingly governments to the services of great men. As they are all, of course, *ex-employés*, and have preserved every

thing of the office but the salary, you run no risk in lauding the Police and Gend'armerie, as it was administered in the year — (that is, the year when they administered, *subauditur*,)—and what an excellent invention was the Imperial Conscription, and how plunder abroad was preferable to taxation at home, and how the late *regime* was only a better sort of republic, and the Empire, after all, but the old coat of the Revolution turned inside-out, and faced with gold lace. The French do not detest flattery; and though an Englishman, before the end of the evening you will be allowed to be worthy of a better fate, and to have something very like the good head and common sense of a Frenchman *en retraite*.

Thus will you become the oracle of the two pleaders, and eat the oyster to the satisfaction of both. It is a shocking thing to set people by the ears;—the English always avoid it;—see how quiet they were in Spain and Italy; as to Sicily and their subsidies, that was to deliver the oppressed. They

think it quite proper that their subjects should have the right of quarrelling amongst themselves, if they like the luxury, like man and wife, (witness Ireland ;) but that is no reason why they should interfere with the *menage* of other nations, particularly if they quarrel with tolerable decorum.

45. With regard to your countryfolk, the case is a little different. I respect them much, but knowing not to what such confessions might lead, I would never own my creed or politics to any one of them. They esteem a man a mere talker, who is known to have either, under three years acquaintance. An Englishman always buttons his coat and puts both hands in his pockets. Now I question much whether he is not in the right: depend upon it, no one asks you for your purse, without the intention of taking it; and as it is with your purse, so also may it be with your conscience and reputation.

46. But should you carry your ambition farther, and insist on seeing Switzerland,

these instructions will hardly suffice. The country of the Alps is a country of goats and hermits. If you would see it as you ought, you must, *pro tempore*, be both, or something very like them. A man who loves glaciers, must love walking, and with such men the first of all things is a pair of shoes. London is the first shoemaking capital in Christendom: her shoes are not less titles to immortality than her porter. Ask for my new patent Mont Blanc shoes, tanned, sewn, soled, by steam, according to a plan communicated three years ago, and constructed expressly on an anti-glacial principle. I am not vain, but it is something to have contributed the *primum mobile* of all the discoveries likely to be made for the next century.

Next to shoes, you should bethink yourself of your mind. A different commodity is demanded for the Swiss market and the French; and travellers seldom find this out, till several months too late. A Swiss traveller, time out of mind, is one of two things,—either a mere walking pastoral, and

a devourer of the picturesque, (though it comes to him in the shape of an ugly peasant, and an empty chalet,) or else a man of solemn sense and science, on familiar terms with Nature and her mysteries, and whose life is spent either amongst the stars, or in the bowels of the earth. He consequently despiseth, or ought if he does not, both literature and politics. It is of very little consequence if the vermin on its surface kill or eat each other, if one day they are destined to be eaten up, with the earth itself, by a comet or an earthquake. When you speak to him of Byron, he will affect not to hear you, take snuff after his own preparation, and talk (if he does talk) of Byron the navigator. The only flowers he should condescend to understand are those of Linnæus. He should prefer Temninck to Scott, and Personn should be his Vade-Mecum and Parnassus, instead of Moore or Little.*

* My uncle converts an alias into a person : a common error amongst the ancients,—witness their Hercules,—and not unusual amongst the moderns. Who

Cuvier should be his Bible, and Rousseau his Gospel, and the only creeds he should talk of be those of Werner or Hutton.

This is in a good style of preparation; but when he is about to start, something more must be done. I should advise him to go armed at all points into the lists. Let him take twenty maps, grand elephant,—a blunderbuss of a barometer, and a cannon of a telescope. This will remind him to tell others, that he *intends* telling them the exact height of every crag above the sea, whether they like it or not,—for Science must not be blindfolded, and he is not so ignorant as to trust to the calculations of any one, whoever he may be, who may have preceded him. Mineralogy he must know, like the rules for Latin prosody, by heart, and should constantly go about with a small hammer in his breeches-pocket, and in his waistcoat a heavy Swiss snuff-box, made out of the bowels of

would imagine the Consul and the Emperor the same individual, unless indeed such a Proteus as Prince Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun?

the Righi. As to geology—not very necessary, but pretty—he can buy maps and copy them, and menace to study it more deeply when the elements cease to be names, or the science ceases to be mere elements. It would be well also, that once at least in his life, he had been near being blown up like a powder-mill, by some damnably detonating chapter in Chemistry, which would entitle him for the rest of his days to wear a black riband over his left thumb. If the accident, however, cannot be had, I would not for that reason give up the ornament. Portfolios, *hortus siccus*, maps, &c. he should charge on some patient third party, a taciturn admirer of the sciences, and confine himself to his barometers, telescopes, hammers, snuff-boxes, spectacles, (which he should always wear, to prepare him for the snow,) umbrellas (double-oiled), compasses, time-pieces, and treble-lined gaiters. So accoutred, he may sneer at your Italian traveller, as a guardsman sneers at a light-infantry man; and should any one annoy him with tales of Italy, let him shake

his armour, and his head, and point to the avalanches and sun above him.

47. But there may be some young ladies who are neither astronomers, botanists, chemists, nor geologists, and yet have a sort of a sweet tooth for glory; children of Love and Nature, who would wish to live at Meilleray and die at Chillon; and go out with a passion prepense for a Swiss cottage, and tears *pour la malheureuse Julie*. I do not know whether a St. Preux can be had, unless she bring one out; but for the landscape part of the glory, no need to insist on realities. Appearance is the thing which a real lady traveller will look for. Portfolios, pencils, paint-boxes, therefore, in abundance, though you will give yourself a great deal of idle trouble to use any one of them. You have, I presume, your barouche, and it is heaped up on all sides with leather-covered volumes, rose-coloured cases, flying easels, and other significant *et cetera*. That is all you want. Who can ever suppose there is nothing else within? No one, unless he be a cousin-

german, and a very favourite one into the bargain.

48. An Italian traveller must be a traveller indeed. He must learn patience, and forget English coal-fires, beefsteaks, and bedrooms; despise good roads, be blind to the charms of English harness and high-bred horses, and content to intrust his bones and safety to an Austrian piquet, who will take as much care of both as an English mail-coachman. He must neither be sanguine, phlegmatic, nor bilious, but between them all; must love pictures as well as their frames, and know as much about them; must have ten names at least by heart, and not confound Raphael Sanzio with Raphael Mengs, or Michael Angelo Buonarotti with Michael Angelo Caravaggio. He must know our own superiority over past and present excellence, and turn up his shirt-collar at all mention of David. Contempt is a fine confounding quality; it grows nowhereso well as in England: and this is the secret of our power and influence over all other nations. They take us at our word,

under fear of being knocked down, and thus save us the pain of the experiment. English dignity is this contempt in disguise : its outward signs are, a high cravat, a well-made coat, an English stride, and silence. It will bring you through every church and gallery with glory ; all hats will fall from all heads at your presence ; and though you may now and then discount in cash for this veneration, surely it is a pleasant thing that cash and silence should be able to buy you every thing. Should either fail, you have always your "G—d d—n," and boxing, in reserve. The Continentals are ignorant and scratch ; you may therefore insult them first, and punish them afterward, with impunity. As to stilettoes, they have gone out, and pistols have not come in ;—and as to laws, no Englishman, I hope, is so bad a Protestant as to respect the laws of the Pope. Nor must your health be neglected. Season yourself in the fens of Lincolnshire against the malaria ; against heat and fevers in London ; against colds and consumptions in Scotland and Ire-

land. Then sally forth, and return, the wonder of priests, brigands, and antiquarians, the idol of printsellers, and the oracle of all who think less of their purse than of their "gusto."

49. An Italian traveller must, in proportion as he goes South, bring all he can of the North after him. Let him fix steadily in his mind, that there is nothing in Italy but a blue sky and pictures. He will therefore have an iron bedstead for every one of his family, those of Italy not being of mahogany, and moreover concealing hosts of traitors, insurgents, and other ambushed enemies, of which a mere quiet English country gentleman can have possibly no sort of idea. Item, A pair of leather sheets for each bedstead, particularly if there be ladies: they are what esplanades and bastions are in fortification, and keep the enemy from the citadel.—Item, Napkins; one hundred dozen, if a tolerably small family, will do. Italians use them only on festival-days, or if titled.—Item, Tooth, hair, nail, flesh, feet, hand, head, up-and-

down, here-and-there brushes of all kinds and descriptions. They may be had in Italy—and they may not.—Item, A canteen for papa and mamma, for papa's and mamma's brothers and sisters, for master and miss, and grand-mamma, and the very best for mamma's maid: and let each of these canteens be large enough (nothing like being independent of the world, and having wherewithal to see a friend) to contain knives, forks, tea-kettles, tea-pots, tea-cups, tea-spoons, ewers, basins, screws, cruets, tumblers, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, gridirons, trays, saucepans, plates, dishes, saltcellars, bottles, &c. &c. &c.—Item, A chest of the best tea,—gunpowder, renovating, exalting, ghost-frightening tea,—which, however, must be sometimes taken without milk, most of the cows having been eaten up in the country at the last passage of the Austrians.—Item, Door-locks, to be screwed off and on; for what would Lady Dorothy Dumbdrizzle's fille-de-chambre say, on being obliged, after having read Mrs. Radcliffe, to sleep in

one of your grim-looking corridors without one?—Item, Though you may not want, you should not be without matches, pick-locks, phosphor-bottles, screens, boot-jacks, lamps, three or four dozen of whips, spurs, springs, patent spits, fire-places, &c. &c. &c. Something of every thing, in fine, which may show you are an Englishman, and that you are resolved not to run the chance of drowning, dying, or losing your way in such a barbarous, outlandish kind of country as this same Italy. I have no doubt, with these precautions, you will come back as you go,—neither thinner nor fatter, longer nor shorter, but a very respectable English country gentleman, who has eaten his dinners two years out of his own country, and has notwithstanding survived and grown two years older.

50. But I am carried away by the impetus of my subject, and forget that I have not yet set out. Like the impatient steed which hath not yet left the career, *pereunt vestigia mille*, I devour the earth—I grasp the goal

by anticipation. I have already travelled over half of Europe, before I have started.—But to return to our prose and preliminaries. Nothing has yet been done. Where are your credentials? If you ask a fop what he should consider such, he will rub his chin, smile, and look down upon his boots:—if a man of letters, he will ask you in what University you have studied?—if a lady, in what drawing-room?—if a banker, he will take the pen from his ear, and oracularly exclaim, “Money! Money! Money!” Now all these counsellors, like the most of mankind, are very right and very wrong.

These things, no doubt, make up nine-tenths of our business, but the tenth still “remains behind.” They will do nothing, or only half do—without *Letters*; a *sine quâ non* advantage, as will be seen by the intelligent reader, in my Third Part. Letters may be easily had, even in England, provided a man has a well-looking name—without an O or a Mac before it—upon paper, and dresses in a manner not to give the lie direct to his recom-

mendation. But then comes *l'embarras des richesses*—the difficulty of a choice. Beware of the non-traveller, or the old traveller, or the traveller who is always in the gerund—about to be—all bad;—and pounce upon the traveller who has been, and that lately: a great authority, at all times; but if he be a *Dilettante*, and gives *petits soupers*, greater— if rich enough to give good ones, and, *par parenthèse*, calls himself an M. P. or Peer, or Minister, greatest. His firman will do: take it, seize it; it will go far to make you a great man also: you will catch his importance by contagion, and may eat, lounge, sight-see, and astonish, upon the strength of his reputation, for several months, gratis.

Literary men I don't much like, and still less their letters: you may be sure, they will have the kindness to give you one line—and themselves one hundred. Notorious politicians are also to be eschewed; if you take their letters, you must also take their principles:—this implies, you must know them, and learn to place your No and Yes better

than Sir Francis Wronghead,—a matter very troublesome in such a country as ours, where men and measures, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, change sides, as in a country-dance, almost every quarter. If screwed, like an Irish Judge,* to his place, as well as opinions, it might do ; but should you chance on any thing Ex, either Minister, or M. P. only think of the consequences!—you have gained a minus, whilst grasping at a plus;—once a little above, you are now a great deal below zero. If you take such a letter for a talisman, you will soon be undeceived. The first door will convince you that you are not in possession of a *passe-partout*:—your cards will be carefully lost in the porter's lodge—your *billets-doux* consigned to the valets for the *papillotes* of the poodle ; your antichambers inexorably long, your mantelpiece ungarnished with invitations ; and every dear friend will treat you for the sake of your's and his dear friend, as a Sub-

* Does my uncle allude to Lord Norbury ? *Quousque tandem.*

secretary treats a Memorialist who wakes and wants him.

N. B. All such letters are usually *sealed*. "Conscience makes cowards of us all." Men who are asked to bless, often stay only to curse us. There is one remedy still left you,—burn them.

51. But letters, like passports, though they call on others to assist you, will do little in assisting you themselves: you must therefore, in time, look not only to the persons who give them, but the persons to whom they are to be presented. It is an easy thing to call your spirits, and a very difficult one to make them come when you do call. Take no letters to Ambassadors; they are paid with your money; you were taxed for them last year;—they are therefore your servants; they *must* work for you, and if not, must be punished by a petition to Parliament, and your absence. Strangers are as necessary to their dinners, as their dinners are to strangers. Cardinals ditto; you will have the pleasure of admiring their scarlet stockings,

and if they be Bishops, of kissing their amethyst rings. To French Deputies,—dangerous; you will be fired into a confession of faith, which may not be convenient to those who have none, or do not like to show what they have. None to Italian Princes, Marquises, Counts, &c. It is not always easy to find them, though it is, their palaces. When found, are they worth the search?—To Englishmen—impossible to catch them: you may knock for an hour at their doors, and at last an old woman will come out, and tell you he is at present at Constantinople, or, for aught she knows, with the Grand Mogul.* To painters and sculptors,—by all means, if you intend purchasing their paintings; but that is the best letter of recommendation itself. To ladies, if young—and, need I add, virtuous,—they will show you the world, and keep your morals pure.

* Lord Guildford sometimes travels round by Moscow, to assist at a charity or other dinner in London; and arrives punctually to the hour. Who amongst us can say so much?

52. But there are other assistants equally indispensable with letters and introductions. You must know your way, and how you are to get over it. This is only to be done by charts. Get, then, a collection before you think of venturing out of harbour. When I say charts, let me be understood in the largest sense of the word—not maps only, or itineraries, but Hints, Notes, Recollections, Sketches—things on the spot, from the latest travellers, touching the rocks and dangers to be avoided, and avoidable, in your course. Lord Blayney will give you the best report of the best creeks for watering and victualing:—it is to be lamented he did not extend his peregrinations to the South,—a sort of *terra incognita* to the scientific eater,—where he might have discovered inns, or founded them for posterity. Mrs. Starke is an authority on the prices of washing and of—pictures. Eustace will teach you how to ride over a Frenchman, and to hash up an antiquity. But books in general are holiday counsellors—paraders in court costume—

mere land-sailors:—you must see *men* who see things themselves: who, if they travel, travel better than their trunks,—if they sail, take care to be wrecked,—and if they return, bring back lean purses, but heavy memories—and can talk for three hours without telling more than the same number of lies. If such a man is to be had in a country-town—hire him—get him—and keep him, by all honest means in your power. Entrap him to yourself—dine him—let your dinner be of the best, and your wines better than your dinner:—silence till twelve—then let loose upon him with your questions. It is the hour of truth—three bottles have been dispatched—the incantation is complete. You will extract more in one half-hour from his oracular mouth, than from ten years reading, and a library of folios, and Mendez Pintos. They all write as if they were asked for their affidavits, and all lie as if they had given them.

53. It will be of little consequence, however, whether you travel or not, either to

yourself or others, unless you take care not to die during the course of your travels. This can only be done by keeping yourself well—*id est*, by taking physic. I hate physic; but take it, as I take advice, and go to the doctors, as I go to church and court, because I cannot help it. There are things to which even Plato himself must submit.

As others are likely to be ill as well as yourself, and as you are a good Samaritan, provide your oil and vinegar betimes. England is the country of physic, as well as theology. Italy, delivered over to a reprobate sense, can boast little of either, except at Rome. I would read Buchan, or any other Family or Single Gentleman's Book of Health, putting myself, as I go on, in the place of each patient. This will divert you, and put you on the alert. Then would I purchase two boxes of patent medicines: there is no knowing whether you may not be called on to become the extempore saviour of a village. How many die for want of being afraid in time! How many expire by the road-side, sighing in

vain for the fountains of health at Paytherus and Co. The patient may be a negro, or a Carbonaro;—no matter—“*Homo sum*” should be your motto. The worst of murders is to let one die. When asked for your assistance, you are to consider two things; first, whether you are to pass that way again; and secondly, whether you know any thing about the matter. The first indeed renders the second unnecessary;—besides, killing is no murder, if done by book. If your patient survives, he will live to thank you:—if he die, he will blame the person who is next him at his death.

54. If you ask me what quantity you are to take, I answer—much is good, more is better—*all* is best.—I would have all the lotions—pills—powders—balms—essential oils—quintessential salts—waters of all grades, and colours, and forces, single, doubled, trebled, and if possible centupled—distilled and archi-distilled elixirs, mosses, panaceas, and hyper-panaceas—every thing that has cured, killed, and done neither; for

the last ten years. I know the money they cost, the room they take, the smell they make, the alarm they create, the patience they exercise, and the demands they excite;—yet to a sober-minded man, what is all this, beside one week of a double tertian, intermittent, autumnal, malaria, ultra Campagna fever? Who is there, who if, *in articulo mortis*, suddenly restored to life by some of your resurrection thaumaturgist elixirs, would not instantly promise not merely to carry the said boxes, (ay and multiply them as you may,) in their easy-going carriage, but would, I doubt not, agree by bond, if necessary, to bear them on his back even as a pedlar his ware, and think himself cheaply redeemed into the bargain? But if this toucheth you little, as an extreme case, is there no pleasure in seeing yourself saved from the clutches of a stranger, and keeping health and life enough to get home, and die quietly, as becomes an English gentleman, in the bed in which you were born? Philanthropy I put out of the question,—I sup-

pose every one to feel it, for I am loth to put any man out of countenance with himself. It is a great malady which will not yield when a man sets earnestly about it: with the brute force of patent medicines, you may cure a man every day of your life. What pistols and blunderbusses are to brigands, patent medicines are to fevers, which hate the very smell of a medicine-chest; and were I to be consulted on the draining or colonizing of the Pontine Marshes, I should say to his Holiness, buy me half a million of Paytherus's boxes, and in another year I will give you half a million of subjects, and more.*

55. Now these things must be done in England and not abroad—to-day and not to-morrow. The apothecaries on the Continent are so unlike ours that they would rather sicken a hundred, than cure one, by means of their nostrums. This is a remnant of their love for gladiators and blood, and

* In his Life, my uncle suggests another expedient; but one does not exclude the other.

worthy of the Vestal Virgins, who supped in the Arena still soaked with carnage, after the sports had terminated. I verily believe there is a secret collusion with the sexton, except in the single case of accouchements; there they know their interest, and allow men to be born that they may kill them afterward at their leisure. Again, I say, in time! Thebes was lost by the delay of a day, and a night has changed my destinies for life.

56. Such should be your provisions: now as to your conveyance. Bring out, if you can, an English chariot; — if you cannot, an English barouche, or barouchette, or calesche, or cabriolet, or gig, or horse, or bridle, or saddle, — in fine, something that will prove, besides your accent, that you are not a Frenchman. No matter if these things cost you ten times more than they do in France; that is part of their merit: besides, you can pay when you return, and may not pay at all. To be worth any thing, they should contain every thing—

room for men, women, children, trunks, eatables, drinkables, ammunition,—be, in fine, drawing-room, kitchen, stable, cellar, &c. &c. and rival the Empress Catherine's travelling Palace, or at least the travelling Menageries of Exeter Change. This will save you lodging in an emergency, when you suddenly take it into your head not to be imposed on, are determined not to allow the innkeeper to feed you—as you would like,—and can find no other accommodation, after a two hours' battle in town. All you will have to do, will be to turn into a porté-cocher (which you may have for a bow) for the night, and let your postilion, or the police, take care of your horses. Then you are sure always to have your own unbaptized wine.* No matter if the weather be hot, and the roads rough. If the wine be good, it will resist, and you can cool it in half an hour: if bad, depend upon it, the vinegar

* I actually met a gentleman in Switzerland religiously reducing to practice this rather questionable counsel of my Uncle.

was always in it, and you ought to thank God that at last it has come out.

This I call being truly independent ;—you need not care if an inundation swept away every inn on your course—you have your home with you, and your great coat. Before you risk yourself aboard, it will however be necessary to put your springs to the proof. If you have an alderman amongst your friends, get him and his family to try it. If not, two bishops, and a retired farmer, will do. Should it break down, bless Heaven at your escape. Much better it should occur in London in sight of surgeons, than on Mount Jura ; and in open day than at twelve o'clock at night. If otherwise, defy the road to Lyons, and the jealousy of French postilions.

57. But to travel thus gorgeously requir-eth a purse. Now it is not every one who has been born therewith, no more than with red cheeks and black hair. Thank God, “the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.” There are such things as mail-coaches, stages, and diligences, for the “third estate,” which

are nothing else than many chaises made up into one. How happy is the traveller to live in such an age, when he may journey on the back of the public, instead of having the public journeying about on his own. A marvellous invention! they are to the ancients what balloons are to us: and shame it is we have not had an Apollonius Rhodius to deliver them down, in proper colours, to posterity. Diligences I hold to be the chief causes of liberty, virtue, religion, and social order amongst mankind. They civilize—they educate—they polish:—they are the great volume of human nature bound in duodecimo—a pocket-chart of man—a synopsis of all its classes, reduced to the scale of four feet. If this be good in England, what must it be abroad? In England you see faces, nightcaps, red noses, and red handkerchiefs;—in France and Italy, if you have ears and eyes, you will meet men always, and sometimes mind.

58. Your conveyance is much, but your companion is every thing. Before you de-

termine on the first, think thrice ; but a thousand times before you fix on the last. I would try him every way ; by fire and flood ;—no ordeal except starvation, and that only in excess, is too strong. He should be a man who can keep accounts for others as well as himself, and with the same quantity of conscience ; a great scolder ; a violent man to all but you ; a man who has as much bile, and always ready, as may suffice for two ; the *μυρα θαύμα* of landlords ; the scarecrow of beggars ; a Jupiter Tonans amongst postboys ; a nice balancer of sous and pence ; —a man of fidgets—eager to start, eager to arrive,—but withal so accommodating and considerate, that he will sleep by your side whilst you are taking a sketch, like my eldest cat, and never purr, except from mere pleasure ;—an excavator of good things, and never more stupendous than in sore streights ; —a man never dull, never inordinately witty, never sleepy after dinner, nor cross before ; —a man who can do without fire in his bedroom when the snow is beating in at his

window ; and, should his carriage break down on a moor, would sit there and smoke a pipe at its side ; who, wise as a serpent, is gentle as a dove, and has long since got rid of every other will but his companion's. Two such well-conditioned men may travel together, and no danger that travelling, like the fire-brand between Samson's foxes, will tie them in one way and set them pulling in another. It is the condition of humanity that one man should obey, and the other command ; and every one knows that life, after all, is nothing but a long journey. When a Monarchy is not feasible, I like a Federation. Travel in threes, fives, and sevens—always *en arbalète* :—never dispute—always decide :—reason is nothing—numbers every thing. So may you come back as you went, without a duel or a divorce, during a trial which may prove you as much as a marriage, and, for aught I know, last much longer.

59. But if, after three weeks advertizing, you can find no one who will consent to endure the pleasure of travelling with you, and

you are destined to remain a bachelor and misanthropical, supply the place of a companion with a loud tongue and little sense, by companions who have no tongue and a great deal,—that is, with a pocket library. I insist not on the imperturbable good-humour, abstemiousness, propriety, and complaisance of such fellow-travellers: but this I say, that without them you are a steam-boat without paddles, or, for aught I know, a traveller without legs or head. Maps are good things, on the tops of steeples—if you can climb and see, well; if not, they are as the hidden wisdom of the Egyptians. For this reason, I would recommend to corpulent, gouty, chair-travelling, crutch-ambling, bed-ridden ladies and gentlemen, something a little more closely to their purpose. Views, Sketches, Remarks, Recollections, Notes, Diaries, are all in their line. These will always tell the truth, at least as it was in their time:—if you find them otherwise—they saw what they saw, and do not take upon themselves to be prophets. They will give you a list of pictures

since burnt or stolen, or of Bishops down to the Reformation, or the names of the Kings of 'Rome, or the eulogies of some defunct inn, or some other piece of ex-intelligence; but thus you learn history—and if you cannot have what you like, you must be content to like what you have.

I am loth to speak of my contemporaries, and too proud perhaps to speak of my rivals:—but duty is before all things, and I have vowed myself to posterity, and the public. Now being, as it were, upon my oath, I shall tell truth;—few of our most candid men, always excepting ministers, (who are ex-officio truth-tellers,) can say more. I hate Classical Tours, since I read Eustace:—he opens the “*os rotundum, magna sonaturum*” certainly, but to say or sound nothing; and shuts it much in the same way in which he opened it. I never saw a more gauzy sort of way of hiding a man's nakedness with woven air, as the ancient hath it, than this man's style. He is the Lord Castlereagh of the trade.—I do not wish to

speaking irreverently of that enlightened statesman, who wished to cut out Europe, for its own good, into handsome-looking *arrondissemens* (no man had in greater protuberance the organ of Order): but this I cannot avoid saying,—as far as words go and not deeds, there is an odd sort of cousin-germanism between them. Take away Cluverius, Addison, the Index to the Delphin classics—and what leave you behind? just that which remaineth when the spirit, sugar, and acid are subtracted from the punch:—or if you must have something better than water,—take the lees of a flashy bottle of wine,—lees of prejudice, pretension, of the Pope's post-book, and here and there a knotty lie. Forsyth did not write in a yellow morocco arm-chair, or travel in an elliptical-spring English chariot, and I should be sorry he did—I like his *rictus caninus*—he snarleth judiciously, and biteth in excellent time. Yet had I rather read than hear him—and travel after him, than by his side. His pages are true quintes-

sence—and mixed up with a fine liquid style, like his predecessor's, will make books.

Then there are Letters, which were never sent, from North or South, no matter which, as long as letters patent, but not quite so interesting:—Diaries—excellent thermometers of a man's importance to himself;—I like their clouds, and sunshine, and am glad to see such things in the market: they are made up for home consumption principally, but there are some which may suit all tastes. A man may now learn to be an Invalid, or an Ennuyé, or Ennuyée, (the rarer insect of the two,) or a Fashionable Abroad, with science and style. Tales are very delectable gossip, choice stimulants, when returning: a man is then as indifferent to facts as to coarse English beef, and is not the least offended at a gentleman coming up to him politely, and asking leave to tell him his best lie. It is not the first, and for my part I should be sorry it were the last. An edict to suppress lying would be like an edict to suppress eat-

ing or marriage : it would aim at the destruction of the human species.

As to antiquities, they may go with politics and theology. It is of some consequence to know whether a man has two legs or three ; but I could never get into a rage upon the point of fourteen or fifteen pillars to a temple. As to their names, I confess I care no more for their alias-es than for those of any notorious charlatan about town. Moles, and rats, and such-like excavators, know as much about these things as we do ; as I once thought in my childhood, for a similar reason, that birds might, or ought to be, very good divines. Old Rome, therefore, in this century or the other, is of no more consequence to me (farther than its being a large town) than Old Sarum. Ciceroni are bound to make you learned, and a few half-guineas, and a few half-hours, will make a Nibby of you, without being obliged to read him translated beforehand, in three grievous duodecimos.

But there is a book which, besides being

portly and respectable, and lined with as good capon as any of them, contains such sound matter, that I honour it as I do a medicine-chest, and counsel its admission to your coterie, though you were travelling on ass-back. Let me not be supposed to speak of Lady Morgan, or her "Italy." Far be it from me—"Odi—et arceo"—I know the colour and curl of an Austrian's mustachios—I know the smell and look of an Italian prison—the name and strength of a Hungarian fortress. I am, as I ought to be, a prostrate admirer of the powers which be, until they be dethroned by something better, or, which is much the same, stronger. Therefore should I be little less than mad, were I thus to risk the happiness of my travelling countrymen by placing in their carriages a woman, or a book, considered by me as little better than a Congreve rocket. Neither speak I of Lord Blayney's Tour:—it is wonderful in its way, and pity is it, I must again repeat, that the noble conqueror did not, like his Gothic ancestors, eat his

way much farther "into the bowels of the South." But I speak of one who shall yet be canonized, if there be any faith or fellowship in travellers, with twenty signs of admiration after her name,—the terror of washerwomen; the scourge of *modistes*, the keeper of housekeepers, the Plutus of the poor, the Diana of the bashful, the Minerva of the ignorant—the *ne plus ultra* of low prices—John Bull in lady's attire—the only traveller for travelling sake—in herself a *corpus viatorum omnium*:—but why should I prolong my eulogium any farther?—need I mention, the golden volume of the never-to-be-in-any-way-taken-in, the uncheated and uncheatable Mrs. Starke?—With such a work before you, you have the *as triplex* of the poet, and may walk amongst hotel-keepers, custom-house officers, and artists, as an innocent man over dragons and basilisks, or an Indian juggler over swords and ploughshares.—In more than one instance hath she been my guardian angel; and happy am I, that at last an opportunity

has been offered, though late, to do her justice.—By her counsels have I saved ten pounds and some considerable fractions; and I should be unworthy of the name of Englishman, were I not, in the face of an enlightened public, thus boldly and honestly to proclaim my gratitude.

60. So much for books—now how to carry them. There are three ways. *On* your carriage; where, if not wet in crossing the Alps, or seized by the protectors of the purses and piety of the people, they may be read at Rome, or Florence, or rather when you leave them. *Behind* your carriage; where, if not worn to ashes, or cut off with your trunk by a brigand, they may be read at every great town you stop at, provided neither you nor your servant are lazy, and read and pack up with expedition. *In* your carriage;—the best—unless you travel with a vetturino or have a curious fellow-traveller, who may borrow and forget:—to obviate which latter evil, take a carriage between you—you in front, the books in rear. If some

object to such a *tête*, I only answer—Lord Guildford did it—and shall we object?—
“*Heu nos homunculi!*”

61. Now all this I call good preparation ; but I again repeat it, let it be done in time. People talk of going—going—and God knows if they ever intend to be gone. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a good French proverb ; but a man may *reculer* so far, as to get tired and find it impossible to leap at all. Three months are enough,—but let me be understood—for a bachelor. If married, three more ; three for himself, and three for his wife : a little effervescence must always arise on the first stirring of such a question—it is right to give sufficient time for the fixed air to explode. If there be children, I would keep on, in a geometrical ratio : the only thing which can excuse a three *years'* preparation is a nursery—*dans les formes*.

62. A bachelor can make up his mind for himself ; he has no Council, no Upper and Lower House, no Lords Spiritual and Temporal, to consult or humbug, for the

right of spending, or raising the supplies. He has the best of all advisers constantly at his elbow—himself, *εἰς κοίτην ἐστὶν*—and (let me say so without offence to the manes of my Griselda) the best of all domestic governments is undoubtedly that where a man is his own governor. He unites in his single person all the three estates, each in their perfection; the vigour of the executive, the wisdom of the deliberative and aristocratic, and the sincerity and frankness of the democracy.

If there be a bachelor in the case, he has only to give due notice to his servant, or, as circumstances may require, to his creditors. His baggage falls, almost of itself, into marching order; and his bills (if he intend to pay them) may be discharged whilst the married man is adding up his. He partakes of the best qualities of a ghost: he may go into a house, and out of a house, and round about a house, without any one in the house noticing it—except the dogs: he leaves no chasm in society—unless it be now and then in some tender hearts; but, as Providence

hath ordered every thing wisely, nothing is so easy to penetrate, or to close again, as clear water and the heart of woman. It is a grievous thing to wound, but let them rest assured that no wounds close and cure so easily as those which are called eternal.

A bachelor belongs to no state—no country; he is mere zero in the political scale; it is marriage only which, by giving the integer, gives the value;—without house or home, he may live on Caucasus, or die on Hecla; no one, he may be convinced, will be distressed by his living, or pleased by his death. Such a man is already a cosmopolite, and of necessity a traveller:—locomotion is his *manière d'être*; if he must remain at home, he must either die, or live a living death, and marry.

63. Would I could say so much for his antipode,—the Family Man! Here preparation is indeed necessary, active, incessant, protracted. If he be poor, or going toward it, how many months to collect, by selling, mortgaging, foreclosing bonds, bills, rent-

charges, annuities, &c. &c.—evils to which all land proprietors, thank God, are heirs. Your agent, no doubt, is a tall, thin gentleman, who powders,—turned somewhat to the wrong side of sixty,—rather acid, but prudent, thinking, or something like it,—a great prophet of evil, and sometimes a realizer thereof; who, feeling we are mortal, looks more to the future than the present, and crawls lest he should stumble, and doubts, like a Chancellor, rather than decide like his Vice. The estate (happy if you have only one) is first, in due form, to be considered unproductive for the next ensuing year, and advances are to be made in the interim. Here alone is an expenditure of three months;—then all suits during your absence are to be carefully dammed up, or sluiced off; and finally, your tenants, bound hand and foot, delivered over to the secular arm. The monies then must be extracted, by the intervention of a third person, from a fourth, and of a fourth from a fifth, who, with every *wish* to oblige, is a disobliging man, and who

unfortunately has a family, as well as a conscience. To satisfy doubts, which attorneys know when and how to feel, your family papers, from King Arthur down, are to be inspected, weighed, and of course found wanting,—for with such purpose were they weighed;—and thus, the web of half a year ripped up, by some unanswerable query, in a single night. Then come charges, for so much smoke and moonshine; and insolent letters from men with their hands upon your throat, and a thousand demands, which are soon nursed into a thousand delays. Six or seven heads of the hydra are cut off, but one remains, and it is generally worth the six or seven, and stands as stiffly as the entire number. A flaw is modestly hinted, which you need not doubt will be ripened into a thriving lawsuit before the spring.

At last, when possessed of a sum sufficient to pay off floating debts, and to start with some *eclat*, a claim you had long since laid in Lethe, or its ghost, leaps up and jostles you from your coach: an attorney's letter follows;

and a *Ne exeat regno*, after your entire collection of P. P. C. cards had been issued, comes down upon its back, and nails you finally to your home. You have choice of two measures; either to pay off portion with what you had got for better purposes, and thank the robber for his civility, or to remain where you are, under arms, and bear the blockade till next rent-day, with the risk of things becoming worse, instead of better, in the interval. The sickness of hope deferred can scarcely furnish a more grievous example, or a more wretched victim. The key turning in your prison-door after a long captivity, and then slowly and gratingly taken out, is a faint image of such ups and downs to the expectant traveller; nor do I more pity the man who is called away from Florence, in the first budding of spring, to enjoy a Chancery suit in the smoke of London—or from the beauties of the Tyrol, to canvass, and perhaps be ousted, (after the loss of a good year's revenue,) in a contested election.

These are serious evils,—and I have more

than once, in my love for afflicted humanity, turned my attention to the cause thereof. Let the reader judge whether I have found the remedy.

64. The chief cause of this, is that your plans are known. How conceal them?—By talking of them several months before. If people always hear the cry of ‘Wolf!’ they will not believe it, when the wolf comes. If this will not do, measure out some ground for building what you never intend to commence: your neighbours, in a fortnight, will be convinced that you are settled in the country for life. No sending off of servants in this interim—no retrenchment in your cellar—no reform in your stud;—in fine, no hints from the outposts of what you are preparing in the camp. An acquaintance of mine was a true *capo d’opera* in this way, and dined the very day before his grand Continental tour, which has lasted ever since, on his own plate, kindly lent for the occasion by his creditors, and with a retinue of servants equalled only by the number of his

bailiffs. This I call masterly ;—but few may hope to attain such excellence. Then comes your agent—he may be got rid of by a visit in state to your tenants, and your tenants by beef and porter. When all are asleep, close your door, call yourself up suddenly to London, dismiss your establishment by the next post, and before the week is out, figure amongst the latest departures from Dover. You will be calumniated for a month, and forgotten the next. This is as it should be ; even country gentlemen and their entertainments are not destined to be immortal.

65. If it be a burthen to live, as some philosophers aver,—what must it be to live over-well ?—A man with a plethorous and overgrown establishment is like an over-fat man—too much territory to rule, consequently impossible to rule it as he ought. One of the greatest advantages I know of in travelling, is the reducing the system to proper diet, and bringing down to wholesome flesh all this pomp and circumstance—

this much ado about nothing,—in which people love, like silk-worms, to wrap themselves from the rest of human kind. I never saw a loaded table or a crowded room,—an army of servants or a herd of horses,—without straitway thinking of the fleas, gnats, and other less respectable plagues of Egypt : so that I very much congratulate the man who can fling his coronet into the air, as a school-boy does his cap on being let out to play, and, by a single exorcism, get rid of the legion (the last are worse than the first) which for so many years succeeded in possessing him. Friends will drop into acquaintances, and acquaintances into visitors, and visitors into men who *think* they have heard of you : until at last your very housekeeper begins to dream of an alms-house for her old age, and speaks of you already in the *preterite*.

Now this is surely a fine touchstone, and a real pleasure ; — almost as good as dying, like Charles the Fifth, before one's death. The parson looks out for some new occupier of your pew ;—your next

neighbour eyes your trees, and his tenant cuts them down;—the hall is voted in ruins;—and all you want is an epitaph, to place you on the same respectable footing as any of your ancestry. Thus, in one fair sweep, do you clean yourself of all the dross and dregs which cling about every thing, as about gold;—you are restored once more to yourself;—you may raise both your hands in thanksgiving to the gods, and reign. You are no longer the servant of this worship, or that worship; you are no longer obliged to do justice by the hour, and oppress people to gain their respect; no lies to sell to the minister in either House; none of the pains and penalties of codification to endure, six nights out of the seven, and twelve hours out of the twenty-four;—you have no relations to cut or beg for; no yeomanry to force you out of warm saloons on wet Sundays;—no minister to keep you in a cold church, with an eternal sermon on hell fire; no steward with bills as long as his face, and as unintelligible as his accent; no visits to be knocked off, (would

you could always do as much for your visitors;)—no gaol committees, road trusteeships, turnpike wars, county meetings, canal failures, farming experiments, (by which your descendants in the fourth generation will make their fortunes); no Foundling follies, Lunatic improvements, Hospital embezzlements, Emigration grievances, and that which embraceth them all—no electing, no electors, and no elected. All this world of disaster, worse than a Bolge of Dante, will dissipate before the magic word “I go.”—A Turkish bath, which is the best imitation of Medea’s process of making up a man anew, is scarcely comparable to this. I never desired to be fatigued and covered with dust until I saw one; and if there be any pleasure in being a lord duke, it must consist, I verily believe, in the great gratification which it prepares for a man who is finally resolved to get rid of the dignity.

Such are the advantages which you are to expect;—now, how to attain them? I would have no hocus-pocus in the matter,

but simply say to those to whom I dare, "Rascals I have found you, rascals I leave you—go!" So far for your court, (I wish Sovereigns would imitate the example,) which compriseth retainers and cameleons of all hues and tempers. The public—I mean *your* public—I would treat much in the same manner, not doubting they deserve it quite as much; commencing with my acquaintances, and so going on to my enemies, to whom you will have this greater obligation—that they will remember you better. All this is to be understood of the Country;—in Town, who thinks of a duke the day after he is dead? and, as I have elsewhere shown, travelling is no better than a *pro-tempore* death. "The fear of the *Lord* is the beginning of wisdom," hath been well said of parasites;—I believe it true;—but when once that fear is found unnecessary, you will soon perceive their wisdom go off with it.

But to return:—give away your hounds, if you cannot sell them: it will console your friends for your absence, and the hares and

foxes of the neighbourhood will thank you, if they don't. Lock up your plate in some bank not subject to the epilepsy or falling sickness—if such banks exist in a country which from head to foot seems affected by the same malady. Make a present of your pictures, if worth preserving, to some Museum—the family portraits excepted, which may moulder, and look ugly if they please. Your gamekeeper tolerate; if he don't shoot your game and sell it, your neighbour's gamekeeper will. As to your demesne, farm it;—corn is as good as weeds;—and hedges and ditches are ugly things, but may buy you handsome palaces in Italy. This done—install your *alter ego* in his office, and exile every one else. Windows shut, silence in the porch, grass in the court, a smokeless chimney, a roomy stable, will at once proclaim to the neighbourhood that you will soon be compelled to leave them in utter darkness.

Choose a Sunday for your adieux: this will create a sensation—you will be talked over in the evening, and gazetted the next day.

So should a great man depart;—he must leave a trail of light behind him. Comets do so—and Kings and Princes are the comets of the earth.

66. So much for external incumbrances; a word or two on domestic. Have you a chaplain a little too much *à secretis consiliis*? a solicitor, rather over-zealous for your rights, or a governess somewhat too closely domesticated for the happiness of Madame?—now is the time for decorously accepting their resignations, and allowing them the long-wished-for pleasures of retirement. But you have a wife,—and perhaps a family? They are not so easily unniched:—I shall dispute neither on tastes nor duties; every one makes them for himself;—but as I write for mankind, it is proper that each should find something, and that, though a bachelor myself, I should evince that I am far from being insensible to the sufferings of others, whether the victim be already married, or about to be so.

67. And first then of the husband,—first *de jure* and *Dei gratiâ*—if not *de facto*.

He is uxorious, and philogenitive. This cannot be helped; you cannot rub out a boss when once a man has got it. Considering, therefore, that what may be a luxury or a superfluity to others, is to him a necessity—it standeth as a matter which cannot be disputed, that he should travel—were it over the deserts of Arabia—with his inseparable, and not-to-be-by-any-means-separated, wife. Not that, being asked my private opinion thereon, I should not say, that the remembrance of Griselda was still more agreeable at times than her presence,—seeing the numerous cares, perils and privations, with which she might have been environed; but hèrein I am bound to discourse not of any man's personal sensibilities, but of a concern which nearly regardeth the whole human race. It is true, indeed, that wives (I mean travelling ones) may be had easily, both for love and money, in Italy;—but considering it impartially, there is some advantage, also, in having one that you are sufficiently accustomed to. Besides, it will keep you

English, and moral, so that you dash not your foot against a stone ; confine your attention to your tour ; double your enjoyments,—for what is the enjoyment of the Simplon, or the Colosseum, unless reflected from looks that we love ?—in fine, teach your lady, by seeing the world, how proud she ought to be of her Lord, and her Lord of her, and send you both home, ten times fonder of each other than when you first set out.

There are such monsters as *Cavalieri Serventi*, and *Cicisbei*, no doubt, still lurking by your road-side ; but an Englishman may wrap himself up in the great coat of his own merits—“ *virtute me involvo*, ”—and despise them. He has only to raise his voice into its heroic pitch—which, as it is used seldom, and on just occasions only, like St. Paul's great bell, cannot but impose on the most refractory. Englishmen on the Continent are—as Irishmen in London—men whose very looks are as a sign over a shop of gunpowder. You might as well imagine that poachers will venture amongst spring-

guns and man-traps, as Italians amongst the families and sealed gardens of Englishmen.

68. Now as to the children.—It is a matter which requires pondering. Wives must go, because, 1st, they *are* wives, and necessary to the comfort of their husbands; and 2ndly, because they have husbands, and their husbands are necessary to theirs. But quære, whether so much can be said for children? I have not made up my mind, after three-and-twenty years' consideration, on the subject: you may thence judge, how much may be said on both sides. Children have fathers and mothers, a good reason why they should wish to travel.—Fathers and mothers have children; the more they have, the more reasons why they should keep them from travelling. Then there are decisions, examples, and precedents,—but I am not to be swayed from my duty by authority. *Fais le bien, advient qui pourra*, is the best motto, for men or children.

69. If it be an infant, it is bad—if a boy,

worse—if a girl, worst ; so should I say to any one but the man determined to take them out ;—to him, that nothing was so delightful to a father as the forming the education of his family ; and that the only education better than our Universities was running full gallop from one town to another. If your boy is fond of reading, there is French and Italian, which, provided he learns to-day, he may forget to-morrow ;—if idle, lecture him every morning, and show, by your example, how such indulgences are likely to turn out. If you regret the loss his health and spirits are likely to experience by the want of his field sports, you can have a drag over the Campagna whenever you like it, and races, with your friend's horses, once a quarter. As to morals, what has a boy of eighteen to do with them ? They are only fit for girls and ministers. However, if you insist, you can meet with a moral Italian or French valet in every town, by inquiring from the first innkeeper, and if *that* will not do, give him for governor one of the oldest

inhabitants, I mean English, of Florence, Tours, or Boulogne. Ladies he of course despises, he cannot understand them, not having yet mastered his verbs. Should he meet with bad examples when in presence of his father abroad, what would he have met with, without him, at home? This is a great consolation, and reconciles to many mishaps. If he leave his heart behind him in Italy, it might have run away with him in England; and of the two, quære whether it is not better he be the *protegé* of a Marchesina than the husband of your *femme de chambre*? As to religion, I presume he came out a Church-of-England man—he will go back ten times more so, if you take the precaution of showing him the Cardinal's scarlet stockings (the beasts of the Apocalypse) and the Pope's cloven toe.

70. This proves there are two sides to every subject, as well as coat. Infants are bores to some,—*bijoux* to others. Now, every man must decide whether he has got the bore or the *bijou*. If for the latter, the

houses are large in Italy, and will afford room for the nursery of a regiment ; a consideration—for mamma may have a daughter who may be a mamma herself, and may be bringing up others, all of whom are looking out to be mammas in their turn. I have seen three generations, in not so many carriages.

71. Nurses are nobodies, in travelling :—patient, silent, obedient, they endure any thing, and will go through fire and water for their charge. If ever they forget their habitual temperance in eating, drinking, talking, and other pleasures still less commendable, it is out of zeal ; they have as good a right to exert themselves for the child, as the mother who bore it. Should they sometimes forget they are wives and nurses, from a desire to become mothers, (couriers and valets are great preachers, and sorry am I to add, persuaders in this way,) you have the remedy in your own hand,—turn them off ;—if English, with a recommendation, in order to avoid an action for libel, and double wages to prove your magnanimity ; and you are sure

to find in every village, twenty or thirty who will answer as well. A few days delay,—say a week,—which will give you time to rest,—may be sacrificed. The first trial, it is possible, may not succeed, nor can I guarantee you the second ; but recur to your remedy,—it will be hard, if, out of a dozen, you do not find one good. But I may be asked, what is the child to do all this time ? I answer, doth not Providence feed the raven ? There are goats and asses in every town, a nurse may be caught in every hedge, and if unwilling, must be made to serve upon compulsion.

72. If the child, notwithstanding all these precautions, should die, depend upon it, it would have done much the same sort of thing at home. No one can be blamed on earth for the visitation, and a father would be a fool to sacrifice his pleasure for such a possibility. He might as well, from fear of apoplexy, give up dining at Very's. The danger is dubious—the advantage certain. A fine hot climate, lispings in Italian, sucking

in an instinct for *virtù*, an eye for painting, and an ear for music,—such are the advantages of travelling in one's cradle.

73. There are papas, however, who are not of this mind, and wish to travel as if they were not patriarchs. This has its fair side too; but let me tell them, they will have the task of a Danaid or Sisyphus, unless Madame also shall enter into the bond. Of what use to “*rajeunir à son beau plaisir*,” if mamma comes in, in some unseasonable moment, with her “ever dearest duck, or love!” This is so *coram populo* a manner of proving marriage, that I defy all the fine bachelor speeches of the evening to swear it out.

74. But now comes the *contrà* side of the calculation. Let parents consider well, whether, after all, their son, who is a marvel, (like the son of every mother,) is not much happier, and wiser, as an oyster at home, than as a flying fish, abroad. I have known some parents, and sage ones too, who in starting pursued this plan, and leased out

their children to the highest bidder. A country nurse got the infant heir, and was told, in a convincing letter, (which if she could not read, her friend the parish clerk could) that she ought to love him, and feed him, better than her own. I have no doubt she did so;—nurses are grateful creatures—when paid high. The daughters were cast off in packs, to the boarding-schools, where they learnt virtues with their A B C, and one about as quick as the other. It was hard to say how soon, and how well, they were accomplished in all that boarding-schools can give, and how soon they got rid of all they can take away. Two or three tall lankey nephews were sent out to fatten with an evangelical—no, with a Welsh curate, who required fattening himself as much as they. Public schools, also, are fine reservoirs, and the Universities still better, unless you are for draughting off your supernumeraries to the army. In no place can a man be flattened, kneaded, trained, hammered, or squared out, into a future something or

somebody, as in England; and a father who wishes that every thing should be in prime order on his return, would do well to direct, when he is having his arable thrown into dairy, that one son should be laid down into a churchman, another clipt and mobbed into a lawyer, a third broken up from the fallow rascal he was into a soldier or sailor; and so on till the whole shall turn out into a farm which may do him credit. All this drudgery may be got through, whilst he is profitably delighting himself abroad, and a thriving family in full growth and bearing, with shrubberies, woods, gardens, meadows, &c. will thus meet him on his coming home.

75. But what if Miss *will* travel? No one in such a case can oppose her-but mamma, for miss is mamma *en petite*, and has a will of her own, as well as she who gave it. The father is 0+0 in the matter, and must watch events, as the Mahomedan the arrow before it attains its mark. Is Miss to be accomplished? St. George forefend she should remain in England, when St. Cle-

ment's Lane travels. Paris will teach her to wish for Geneva, and Geneva to like Rome. The world once tasted, she will, of course, ask no more, but return home and ruminate upon its emptiness the remainder of her life. She will learn the difference between late hours, suffocating rooms, eternal visits, theatres, dresses, compliments, conquests, proposals, the never-ending still-beginning busy idleness of high life,—and the serenity and simplicity of grandmamma's company and countenance, and the useful occupations of the tea-table, and early evening prayers, and Sunday visits from this saint or that, and pious dinners relieved by serious suppers, and both by sleep, until wisdom shall steal on with age, and every one learn to live as if they had already begun to die. She may then without difficulty learn to dance from Coulon, and only esteem herself a more "despicable vessel" for it; may hear plays, to wonder at their vanity of vanities, and listen to protestations, as mere bitterness and vexation of spirit, except when accompanied

with something solid, in the shape of an establishment and a jointure.

Advice is every thing ; it is like preserving in ice. No mamma should therefore travel without her medicine-chest for the soul also — tracts and treatises, made up into such doses as may be required ; febrifuges principally, and to be administered more copiously as she journeyeth toward the South. But if, after all, the young lady should forget she is an Englishwoman ! I see no remedy but to make her, in as honest a manner as possible, an Italian. Daughters, for aught you know, may be burthens :—Heaven is wise in its dispensations :—resign yourself, therefore, to its wisdom, and bless it for leaving you with one less.

76. But it is not to every young lady there has been the same “ vouchsafing ” as to those just mentioned ; and it may so happen, that with all their travelling they may remain as worldly as when they first went out. Now, how to make the best of this also, is a question. If she somewhat spurneth, for

instance, our old English formalities, consider, whether it may not sit as well on blooming cheeks and laughing lips, to be less austere than her great grandmother's. Our English decencies are hoops and furbelows,* and give great grandeur to great and grand-looking personages; but in your young Misses, a little Continental light-heartedness, and light-headedness, methinks, kicketh and playeth indifferently well. I can't vouch for what it may turn to,—but surely that is the affair of her husband. If Miss dances, sings, pleases, wins—I had almost said woos, marries, and what not,—what, in the name of the God Plutus, have you any farther to look to? As to what

* See Madame Campan's eulogium. She traces to their disuse much of the evils of the Revolution. The anecdote of the Queen Marguerite and M. de Fresne Forget, quoted by La Place, *Recueil*, tom. ii. p. 350, is not quite so flattering to the efficacy either of *vertugadins* (hoops) or *fraises* (ruffs). My uncle appears to have been a disciple of Madame Campan—supra, *Dict.* 35.

followeth, you are presumed to know as much and care as little about it, as if it took place in the kingdom of Galway (a part of Ireland), or the Moon. The duty of a father is clear; that which a farmer hath to perform toward his sheep;—to feed them, fatten them, and, when the market is good—sell them. I hate your men of super-refinement, who talk as if they believed in the sensibility or understanding of any thing female, under five-and-thirty. Turkish ladies, I warrant you, are as happy with one husband, as your Irish widows with their three or four. I cannot sufficiently repeat it;—custom and advice is every thing; you may make boys girls, and girls boys with it: teach sons the wisdom of loyalty, and daughters the glory of marrying well.

Papas and mamas cannot too much inculcate this first of all lessons—that marriage was intended for no other purpose but to please their parents, to people the earth, to start an establishment, and to show Miss Angelica Greville Grundy that they do not intend to

die old maids. A girl once penetrated with this, will know her interest, particularly if she have no fortune, and be an angel—till she ceases to be marriageable—or is married : in other words, until she *obtains* one. After that, Providence will take care of them :—you have fulfilled your duty to them, and they to themselves.

77. On considering, therefore, the matter maturely, there is much evil and much good in travelling with a *nubile* daughter ; but if I were more inclined to decide than to doubt, I should rather say that the good predominates, particularly if the lady had been at most of the watering-places at home. No father so unnatural as not to wish to get rid of his children. Now, a jaunt from Florence to Rome hath done more for the connubial happiness and increasing population of England than all Moore's songs, together with the Monk. It is impossible to be rumbled about in a travelling carriage over rude pavements, eating, drinking, and complaining together, and sleeping almost within

sight and hearing of banditti, with half-closed doors, without wishing "to be blest with such a man," though at the discount of a dozen and a half of children. And what shall I say of a visit to the Colosseum, by moonlight? Nothing now ; but thus far only : that *it is worth four thousand pounds of dowry* to a good manœuvress, if properly managed ; and this I hold from an authority as high as any which could be cited in any *parlement d'amour* now extant. Fathers who have little, and daughters who have always less, time to lose, will do well not to pass lightly over this hint. It has converted more than one old maid of my acquaintance into a young bride. Well may they prefer the moon of Rome to the moon of England ! How few leave Rome, who have not good reason to bless its moonlight and Colosseum !

78. And now as to the temper in which all English travellers should set out. Let every man who leaves England convince himself well of one thing—that he will see nothing at all like it till his return. England

was, is, and always shall be, the envy of surrounding nations; she would cease to be England were it otherwise. She is not only the richest, but the most beautiful, most generous, most enlightened, most powerful, most comfortable island going; and not only of all islands now existing, but of all *possible* islands; and he who says to the contrary must be civilly told (for I hate any thing so unchristian as gunpowder) in a metaphor, "*qu'il ment par la gole.*"

'Then her inhabitants are universally allowed to be stronger, any one of them, than three of any other nation; to be of the only true religion, all others being heterodoxies avowed, and damnable by act of Parliament; to be the bravest soldiers on record, for which reason they bear the lion and unicorn, and affect red for their flag; to be the best painters, sculptors, &c. though their fame in this way has not yet reached the people of the Continent—such is their darkness; to be the best poets, the mantle of Shakspeare having descended on the whole nation; to be the

best physicians—they kill, while others can't keep you alive—a great charity; to be the best tailors, the entire French army cutting their uniforms from them; the best cooks—you understand what you eat, and are not obliged to eat what you do not understand; the freest people in the world, with a standing army to gather in the taxes, and useful taxes to provide for the standing army, the gentry, and Government—as long as the head is alive you need not despair of the body; the handsomest nation, men and women, known,—the men all Adonises till seventy, and the women Venuses nearly as long (did not late hours and excessive cheer at times carry them off); the best educated, as appears from the number of Sciences (Theology included) Made Easy in catechisms of twenty-four lessons, which appear every day; the most agreeable, being the most silent and best listening people in the world; the most cheerful when properly roused—after three bottles they are even eloquent; in fine, and to close the account,

the most moral nation upon the earth, being honest to a fault—witness their inns; grateful—witness their tenantry; and chaste—witness the propriety with which gentlemen get rid of wives, and the horror with which they publish their delinquencies, in pounds, shillings, and pence, to the world.

If dearer, what of that? you get more for your money. Is an American President to be put in comparison with George IV.? He costs no more than 4000*l.* per annum—then ten to one he is not worth so much! Kings must live like kings. Monarchy is the government of a gentleman; and religion cannot exist without bishops, nor bishops say their prayers without eight or ten thousand a-year. It has been proved again and again, (in figures) that no country is more flourishing:—is it not protected by its white cliffs and its national debt?—and what must the rich possess when the poor have a property of five or six millions a-year? To conclude: you cannot possibly have too high an opinion of your country, and let me add, in a parenthesis, of

yourself. Indeed, one means nearly the same thing as the other; for abroad you are the representative of your country, and unite in your own person, all that she has of great or good. Convince yourself well of this first, and others will soon be convinced by your conviction. Who ought to know it better than yourself? Any doubt thereon is an insinuation upon your honesty, and the doubter should be immediately refuted and knocked down.

79. And having thus made up your mind, now let me advise you to think of making up your body; and, in a single word, of starting. Depend upon it, that it is not every one who knows how to say, "I will." If you are a thinker after the thoughts of others, you may think through five or six months, when all this time you should not think at all, but have been long since acting.

80. But you are at last, let me suppose, in the glorious week of your departure. How many sighs, tears, and sobs, it is proper to use on such an occasion, I shall not pretend

to determine, not having had much ground or cause for such myself—besides, it being well known, that they depend as much upon a man's eyes as upon his heart: but thus far I may be allowed to hint, that with young ladies, a little exertion of the kind is thought humane, and a man who does not wish to pass for a quadruped, will do well to make his rehearsal the night before. "Farewell!" ought to be said as if it were really a matter of grief. To acquaintances, as probably no one will give himself the trouble of thinking about you any more than if you were dying or dead, I should simply announce my exit with a P. P. C. The master of the hotel is bound to congratulate you, and wish you a happy journey: but as the world is to be judged by contraries, depend upon it he would wish you to break your leg on your way down stairs, for the pleasure of resetting it awkwardly and having you eating in one of his beds for a whole year. I should therefore make him a low bow, and, acting still by con-

traries, to which you are entitled as much as he, thank him for his high charges and disinterested courtesies ; this done, as if you had just signed your will and cut off all expectants, throw yourself back in your bed, and fall asleep in Elysian dreams of to-morrow.

81. And now for this morrow—it is not yet come. There is some mistake in your passport, (for which take care you do not pay one guinea, for it is not worth it,) or in your carriage, or in your boots, or in any thing, or every thing. Amend them, and moralize on time and its value ; add to your store screws for instance, or fish-sauces, more necessary to fish than their fins,—or patience, or longanimity, or long suffering, or any other virtue which you can get at a short notice. Then bless Castor and Pollux, the gods of sailors,* or Mercury of travellers, for the useful advertisement, and like Mars in his net, rail in vain against London and its enchantments.

* “ Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,” &c. &c.
HOR.

82. Nothing now remains, but fixing the precise, unalterable, certain, and *perfectly certain* day of your leaving town. Your English servant, who has already got a place to slide into on his quitting you, will be a good person to awake you; you may depend upon it, he will not interpose any unnecessary delay. Your children have already been disposed of; that agony you have got rid of, and are now returned to your usual composure. Mamma sees no farther obstacle in the illness either of her pug-dog, or of Master Bobby. She counts the hours—and for the first time since she was married, sees the rising of the sun. Her papa begins to think she may improve, and already pronounces on the reforming powers of the Continent. Every thing is to be in order at four, and every one *en route* at five;—but the imperial must be opened for the twentieth time; the keys are at last lost;—Madame's femme de chambre has not completed her adieux; nor is she likely, if allowed to do so, till twelve. Frissy has been hiding under

a cushion, and from thence seceded to his mistress's pillow without notice—for a long time *introuvable* and his mistress in choler or despair. Creditors summoned yesterday make it their convenience to attend to-day; important message from your agent at the Hall, followed by an insurmountable circular from the minister or a joint-stock society chairman; a conditional order—soon made absolute;—the delay, after much stamping and invective, and tears from Madame, declared inevitable; and the “perfectly certain” day of departure is spent as quietly—shall I say sullenly?—as any of the preceding. N.B. Positive orders against visitors; and the first “longing, lingering” *tête-à-tête* for the last six years with Madame.

83. But it has come at last, and you are really out of London at six in the evening (not in the morning), and beyond its smoke at ten. Instead of reaching Dover and waking in Calais, you are destined to endure one more night of English comfort. This requires courage, and many have turned back

after the first day. But Bobby and Tommy by all precedent should be sick; and Mamma, sadly fatigued the first day, should do sentiment, pale cheeks, Englishism, and sea-nervousness, (or any other she likes,) on the second. I think therefore a night in Canterbury may be recommended. Canterbury is an agreeably dear place—a reason why you should sleep there. To judge between English honesty and French roguery, as you will have occasion to do to-morrow, you must take large measure. No place—and you may ask Wright at Dover—so calculated in all England to give you just notions on this head as Canterbury.

84. I confess, there is not a pleasure in the world for which I have a greater failing than travelling. If abstinence from its gratification were made a condition of salvation, I doubt much whether I, Abraham Eldon, should be saved. Next to the sun and moon at full gallop through a stormy sky, I know nothing so stirring as the sight of a mail-coach close to its time, or a three or four

hundred horse-power steamer right before a spring-tide. My blood, indeed, curdled at the horrible *faux pas* of the Comet ; but I do not know how it is, I am still friendly to them. They are honest conveyances ; and, unlike your sail-boats, keep their promises. I should say to half my friends,—as you abhor drivers, ostlers, waiters, footpads, and every other kind of robber, embark boldly at London, where you had better be blown up at once and drowned afterward than consent to have yourself fretted away *guttatim* with petty evils, almost before your journey has commenced. I congratulate therefore, sincerely, the man who can salute the tail of one of these monsters every day of his life, can mount on his back whenever he likes, and be despatched with the rapidity of a letter to the four quarters of the world.

85. And now stand we upon Dover cliff,—with the world all spread before us. These are moments to be put in the memory, like roses and lavender during fine weather. The cliffs are as naked and as white as in

the time of Shakspeare (you of course read him on the spot); and as ugly as a man could wish who is about to leave England. The eye anxiously turns to the right and to the left,—Madame has already felt ill, and while gradually trying to get well, the Guide points out what she takes for the only packet on the station, far at sea. This is a bad augury, —but Miss finds in every thing a consolation: the sea is preferable to the great pond in the lawn, and she will have time to bathe and pick shells to-morrow.

Dover has nothing to commend it to the traveller, but its being the last town in England; nor Calais, but its being the first in France. A thousand hands and faces gather round, all anxious, except the landlord's, to get rid of you,—but not half so much as you ought to be to get rid of them. A night at Dover is like a second night at Canterbury, and *vice versâ*. Next to dying, the most expensive thing is living here. If balloons were the only vehicles to be had, I would try them.

If a packet be about to start, say nothing

to your landlord—he is sure to call you half an hour appropriately too late. If several packets—take that which speaketh least,—it is not the voice of the captain, but the noise of the paddles, that I want! Custom-house officers come next:—they are upright and civil at Dover—travellers are their employers, and they know it. I anticipate no impediment from them in going out:—they will allow you to export almost every thing, down to yourself, without let or molestation;—but like the weasel in the fable, it is not always easy to come back through the same hole by which you go out. Yet who thinks of this or of any other evil which is only in the horizon? The heavens are cloudless, the noonday sun shines upon you, the sea invites you—and beyond it, is—Paradise.

And now that I deliver thee up, O fair and gentle reader, (for of gentlemen and mustachios I take no account,) walking as I pensively do by thy side even unto the water's edge, that so thou mayest more sure-

ly avoid the rude touch and uncourteous par lance of human seals and sea-calves,—turn with me, I pray thee, once more, and drop in thy embroidered handkerchief a silent tear for the home thou leavest, for the hills and dales and streams of our old and merry England. Sad scenes and bright scenes shall visit thee; tears and smiles shall fleet over thee; realities shall grow dreams; and dreams (the loveliest which light heart and fearless head hath ever yet woven from its sleep of summer) shall fade like the sleep and summer from whence they were born; and the heart shall grow heavy, and the head thoughtful;—ere thou seest again the gentle land which cradled thee, and like the tenderest of nurses nursed thee, and crowned thee with thy crown of womanhood, and still holds within its stretching arms all that thine inmost soul once held, and shall ever hold dearest. There is a little ray still upon the summit of those white cliffs,—how shalt thou gaze on them on thy return! There are friends who sit

in that ray, and look through their tears upon thee :—shall they or their tears meet thee e'er again upon the shores or near the hearths of merry England ? Her green tree flourisheth, and her bright sky gleameth, and her soft sea danceth proudly around thee :—but the tree is green, and the sky is bright, and the sea proud, because thy son sleepeth in the midst of them, and his sleep is calm and dreamless. Alas ! shall no serpent wake him in thy absence ? shall sickness fear him—shall Death spare him ?—shall the mother who departs, return also a mother, and once more look, as she now looks, on the trees and seas and skies of her merry, merry England ?

Thou art silent, and darest not speak to me ; but not for that either shall I say to thee—Farewell ! Know I not that thy heart hath spoken within thee, that thy heart is full, that thy eye glistens, that thy tongue falters, and thy knee of woman trembles, and thy dainty and delicate foot scarcely picketh its way through ropes, and sands, and sea-

weeds?—Not for that either shall I say thee Farewell, or see thee droop too early. Are we not Travellers?—is not Europe now our England,—and danger our delight,—and years and distance our hope and seeking?—Lo! it hath indeed come—the expectation of long days and sleepless nights. The moments are reckoned—the account is full—the cauldron is roaring—the smoke rushing—the cattle lowing—the stranger scolding—the captain swearing:—all, all are on board—the journey hath begun. Now may the twin gods take thee into their keeping! and if they shall treat thee well—if Pleasure shall guide thee, and Wisdom guard thee, forget not, in thy thanksgiving, the name of one who would have taught thee to unite both; but waft thy softest smiles, and kindest blessings, to him who still stands gazing on thee from the shore—to the guider of travellers, and Mercury's vicegerent upon earth—to Abraham Eldon.

SECOND PART.

VOL. 1.

B

SECOND PART.

THE PERFORMANCE ; OR, WHAT SHOULD BE
DONE WHEN OUT.

—" Volvitur, et volvetur."

HORACE.

86. *Qui capit dimidium fecit* ;—that is, he who puts his foot into the packet-boat at Dover, is already arrived at Geneva ;—an axiom hardly appreciated as it should be, and which notwithstanding deserves to be written in uncial letters at the head of every man's journal. And who is there who has read the 71st *Dictum* of the preceding part, but must well know, "*que ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute* ;" or who is there, who having made this *premier pas*, will not find every after-course ways of pleasant-

ness and peace?—and that travelling so begun, must follow on with an accelerated facility, as a body once set in motion rushes down an inclined plane of itself?

87. And now stand we on board our steamer, and may chew over our reflections at leisure. It is a pleasant sight—and I could quote Lord Byron to prove it—to see sails, and ropes, and flags, and to have neither sickness nor the fear of it to take care of, in yourself or others. Now, the public mind is not quite so made up upon the beauty of steamers. A chimney has not yet had a poet to praise it; and I am afraid, unless taken up by Mr. Crabbe or Mr. Joel Barlow, it may fare like the great men and great inventions before Agamemnon.

Englishmen, however, who like travelling merely for the pleasure of setting out and coming in, and are anxious to have as little interval as possible between these two pleasures, ought to pardon the means, for the sake of the end. What is the grumbling, growling, smoke, smell, shaking, quivering,

shivering, dirt and danger, and all, to a man who has known what it is to have been tossed about three-and-twenty hours, instead of three—the time in which we may now steam it, *pas à pas*, to Calais? Give me ugliness and utility after all, as I often used to say to my Griselda ;—not indeed that I found such an axiom in the glass,—but in long rumination, and the works of the philosophers. I never saw a pretty gentleman or gentlewoman yet, that was worth much, or indeed any thing, out of a ball-room. The same may be said of sail-boats—very pretty things *in port*.

88. When you get on board, never mind your luggage ;—it will take care of itself, or the tars will take care of it for you. Tars are honest, and our parsons religious. It was so in my childhood, and there is no reason why things should have changed since. They would rather see you drowned, than rob you. This comes of the long peace, and the out-pouring of the Spirit amongst them.

89. You should stalk three or four times

up and down the deck with a firm tread, and a dignified toss of the head at the frequent departures from your circle—the miseries of your companions—and the *monstra natantia* you see everywhere about you. This will give a lofty idea of your strength of heart, and of stomach; and if you be a lady, you will be the envy of all the fair, who, forgetful of their complexions, (true or false,) think only of hiding themselves from their admirers.

90. Some people sleep in their carriages. This is ingenious in fine weather, and comfortable, at least, in bad. I see no objection to it, except the chance of being washed over-board; but you can keep the windows closed, and thus give time to the sailors (whom I hope you do not pay in advance) to fish you up again, should they think you worth it.

91. After your first canter on a steamer, the horse will know its rider, and do what you like; till then you must follow its humours, and not your own. If of pathetic temperament, this is the time for your poetical

adieux, unless there be too much sea. After the first half-hour, it is probable you may be left alone, or side by side with an elderly old gentleman, who will console you by trying to prove, by his over-talkativeness, that he is quite as well as you. I do not know whether I ought not to counsel you to retreat to the paddle, as the least riotous of the two.

92. But ladies are occupied upon very different matters. This is the time and place which some persons choose, to bow, squint, leer, smile, talk, sing, and delicately hint themselves into an acquaintance. Of course, I do not take either of you for a female orang outang, or an indigo-blue, or a preacher of good tidings to the grisettes of Calais; but it is a laborious thing, I must say, if I am to judge from your faces, to get up or ward off a compliment at such a season, when you have so many, and much more important things to think of. For this reason, take care how you let fly your mantle, or drop a fan or handkerchief, or show a dainty

ance, or evince an ill-suppressed aspiration after salts or essences—all *queries*, and very intelligible ones in their way. You may create a *liaison* which you did not intend, or cannot keep up,—a mistake not much better than tripping up a gentleman who is approaching you with a biscuit, and sending him by accident into the sea.

93. But all this is on the certainty that my reader is a person of invincible health, and cares as little about sea-qualms and their consequences as a mermaid. Should it unfortunately be the reverse, I scarcely know what council to give you—where to begin, or how to end. Endure to the last, if rocking, rain, and rheums are better above than suffocation and shame below. Conceal your pangs like the Spartan boy: let the wolf eat you up rather than discover him. For my part, I care little, frankly speaking, for your sickness; the steward will tell you it will do you good, and you will, no doubt, think he is right—to-morrow. As to you, ladies, you have only to throw yourselves

on the ex-officio sympathy and civility of some *sœur de la charité* below. You need not doubt, in her keeping, you will be comfortable. The same birth which excludes air, must of course exclude likewise all sights and sounds. If otherwise, and you begin to think you have nerves, so much the better; a choice time to try them, as a cannon before it is used, a bridge before it is crossed, or the springs of a carriage before it starts. The first step on land will be your reward; you have been tried and found proof.

94. An Italian poet, the great Dante, hath said, "*Nessun maggior dolore,—Che ricordarsi del tempo felice—Nella miseria;*" which may mean, in our present case, "No greater pain than to *hear* eating, when you cannot eat *yourself*." I would therefore call out to all captains and mates, to prevent eating altogether, seeing no scale (particularly in coming from London) can be established therein; or, if this be out and out, "*penitus et in cute,*" impracticable, at least so to arrange it, that neither knives, forks, spoons,

nor glasses, should make any noise whatever, likely to offend the sensitiveness of the unwilling fasters around you. This would be a fine piece of charity, well worthy the attention of the Esquimaux and Iroquois philanthropic, anti-anthropophagic Society; and in so inventive a country as England, no doubt patent articles (lined or shod with felt, like Lear's cavalry) would soon gratify the delicate feelings of the public. On the other side, lest the eaters should be disconcerted over their pasties or madeiras, by any hints of mortality from their friends near, I do humbly conceive, that either an overt or tacit treaty might be entered into, to bear every thing short of explosion, rather than be guilty of any impropriety during the time of dinner. The dinner, however, even for aldermen, should not last longer than a quarter of an hour.

95. But Calais or Boulogne is in sight; and you already think you hear the charming language, half a league at sea. Let your servant pay for you; you are too ill, or too

rich, for that duty. Besides, I presume you are busy in much more important matters,—wrapping (if a lady) English shawls or English lace where the eye or hand of the profane (alas! the French have long been Atheists, and lost all reverence for God or women) reach not, or *ought* not to reach: if a gentleman, counting your new louis, or searching for your passport, which, like a true-born freeman, not being accustomed to, you have probably mislaid. You are next to protect yourself from the overwhelming civilities of your new friends; and for that, put on your grimmest-looking face, such as you generally wear when in danger of incurring a new acquaintance; or if a lady, pull down your interminable leghorn, and double your veil (you have no rouge on, and your curls are *defrisés*); precautions which, if nothing else, will prove you to be English, in the Gath and Ascalon you are about to enter,—and therefore rich, proper, chaste, and every thing else, but agreeable.

96. This is the moment when, if you have

them, children are likely to convert you from your best-determined resolution of travelling. You will then in vain hesitate, and in an un-availing *sotto voce* curse me and my 71st *Dictum*. But I am not to be deterred by this man's or that man's opinions from my duty, and am too good a Christian not to return for evil, good. Be not cast down, *nil desperandum*, as yet, under the guidance of your adopted Teucer. Children and their nurses should be left the last in the ship; with the pug-dogs, handboxes, and other dogs and boxes, they may make one lot to be taken out at leisure. You need not apprehend you will lose them, neither being contraband nor of great value (except to the owner), nor of such tranquillity, that they are likely to be lost or mislaid, like a portfolio of bank-notes, from not knowing how to cry out.

97. The first thing you see on descending to the cabin, for the purpose of making these preparations, is a fine exemplification of the Bilious System, under all its shadings, which,

if you be a physician or a moralist, you will appreciate. "Where be your gibes now?" may be said to the merriest amongst them; and many is the nonpareil two-guinea complexion you may have seen that morning, over which you may now sigh.—"Go to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last." I hope you have long since arranged your cloak, and your portfolio under it, and pent up your features into a countenance innocent of all anti-Custom-house and little less than revolutionary practices,—for his French Majesty, in the person of his commissaries, is already on board.

98. Leap instantly on land, and then back again, to show you don't care for the dangers of the sea. Englishmen were born sailors, and you must show Frenchmen that you are as much at home on it as a seal.

99. Your ordeal is now come: you have to pass the "*durissima regna*," and may thank Heaven you live in the nineteenth century, when Custom-house officers can only

rob and strip, but not put you to the torture. There is a great deal in a look and a manner: you must neither under-do nor over-do, but yet *quite* do. An innocent face I have just recommended; but beware of being innocent to excess. No blushes, no staggering between your no and yes; no uncomfotability, no pulling up of your cloak or down of your hat, or looking into your boot or behind it; nothing sheep-like or fox-like, but man-like. "Contraband" has been as often detected in the corner of a man's eye, as in the corner of his sack. If you can, open your coat, and offer to proceed farther; but then be sure of your provisoes. Say as little as you can, and never sing—it looks like boasting; and a virtuous lady never boasts of her chastity until she wishes to get rid of it. A word in that way proved fatal to a friend of mine, whose face was as untravelled as his baggage. His bag was the victim; the outer skin was separated by a painful operation from the inner, and between both was found the golden egg, the commissions of a whole

family! . . . As to the disgrace which followed this discovery, "I paint it not. Those who have been placed in the *septum* or enclosure like him, and exposed, as if a wild beast, to the inhuman scoffs of the officers, or who have stood for an hour in the pillory without deserving it, can alone feel it aright. Suffice to say, it made him an Anti-Gallican for life. Now what, after all, was the cause of this?—a word too many about the padlock, and three blushes, which conscientiously followed it.

100. This was innocence *trop cuite*, overdone. Now cunning drest in the same way will lead you to the same result. No getting off by sideways and byways, which looks like conspiracy and flight for debt; but plain forward marching up the king's highway, as if you had made up your mind to a forlorn hope and cared as little about it as the Duke of Angoulême. Neither must you lose your keys, *impromptu*, or *à loisir*: in times of ancient chivalry, which went out with cannon curls, a gentleman, like a king, "could do

no wrong," and might lose his key or keys at discretion; his lock and pocket were inviolable, as well as his fidelity to himself and sovereign; but we have changed all that—the heart has gone over to the wrong side, and privilege has deserted from the *Monsieur* to the *Commis*. If you do not open, others with their official "*sesame*" will open for you.

As to hiding in boots, carriages, sides and entrails of trunks, capes, cravats, bottles, blunderbusses—you *may* cheat the voracity of the examiner, as Ulysses did Polyphemus, and you *may not*. Now, the "*may not*," and the "*may*," depend upon yourself. You need not tumble out the things themselves:—there is honest motive for it, you are not the *commis* of a *commis*;—you need not scold unless choleric, and the excuse of a red nose to carry it off; neither must you look gloomy, nor growl, unless by the cut of your hair, and the sound of your name, you have an Evangelical right to be as sour and surly as you please. Neither must you walk

too much, laugh too much, sit too much, sneeze too much, or groan too much; all these things look like an uneasy conscience, and may cost your favourite her newest silk gown, a ball, or, it may so hap, a husband. Do every thing, as few do it, without the least see-saw between bullying and cowardice; they are not the less near relations, like man and wife, for appearing to be separated. If a victory is to be gained, let it be nobly gained. Cheat, but cheat like a gentleman; you have a worthy antagonist in Louis, *par la grace de Dieu—Roi*.

101. But it is not in speaking only, or acting, but in dressing, that the greatest danger lieth. For more than once have I seen a vampire-looking physiognomy, staring suddenly from out a porpoise-like accumulation of what the proprietor wished us to believe—himself. Now this is monstrous, and bears legible falsehood on the very face of it. It must not be wondered at that such personages, yea and their carriages too, should be peeled down to their natural pro-

portions, by the discriminating shears of these matter-of-fact officials. But when ladies are in question, the case is more complicated, and demandeth much and grave deliberation, to ascertain where the real ends, and the fictitious commences. We all know that of all the charms of these charmers, fulness, sufficiency, and completion—to give it no ampler name—is the most charming; but where we are to place the limits, none but the Custom-house officers can duly decide. For my part, accustomed as my eyes have been to the *rotondetto* of my own Griselda, I am, perhaps, but an overweening judge, and tolerate what more precise critics may deem excess. Yet no one surely hath a right to exclaim. A lady may be thin or otherwise, as it lists her,—nor can I see why greater suspicion should attach to sudden increase, in such a place, than in her own nursery or ball-room. The most delicate features, particularly if the lady be married, may therefore conduct the most portly persons; and I

consider it an impertinence to doubt, on the part of any King, that they belong to one and the same person.

102. But the Custom-house officer is as ungallant as Cerberus, and ladies exceeding the statute measure must be searched. I see no necessity of an entire display—you may catch cold. But if you have not a clear conscience, be modest, and rather endure to be sent back to England, or seized altogether as contraband, than infringe in the least on the habitual delicacies of an Englishwoman. You will thus save your character—and perhaps your laces, and your hips.

103. Now are you in Calais, and greatly do I felicitate you on treading the same soil with Louis le Desiré! If you think the mark of his foot is like that of other men, you are grievously mistaken. Go back and correct your error—*Ex pede Herculem*—and learn to form a just estimate of a King *selon la Charte* from the sacrosanct outline of his great toe. What an expansive mind, and

how well lodged! You cannot feed your usurpers so.*

104. Having admired this *regium donum*, and congratulated Calais on being the first place consecrated by the return of legitimacy—an advantage it owes not at all to its proximity to England, but to some peculiar loyalty in the soil,—think next, of what kings think about as often as their subjects, the care of the commonweal you carry about you, and—need I say the word—of an inn. But here is the great stumbling-block of the uninitiated. All that glitters is not gold; nor do Silver Lions, or Golden Eagles, or any other gilded deceiver of the kind, ever turn out other than mere pinchbeck devourers of the public money. A staunch true-mawed Englishman

* The pillar erected where Louis XVIII. landed, and the mark of his foot traced on the stone, are the great sights of Calais. *Vestigia hominis cerno*, may be said, indeed: but my Uncle seems fully impressed with their magnitude and importance. I do not find that the *extrema vestigia* of his flight to Lisle were preserved with the same accuracy.

will not be guilty of apostasy, but confess his nation, bolt-upright, before all France.

Let him then seek out, with an unabated love of *bifsteck*, as it is sacrilegiously corrupted by these foreigners, a thorough-going "inn," for such, let me tell my countrymen, there be, though in what lane or by-street I do not strictly remember; suffice it to say, modest merit is little known, but the light behind a bushel is not less a light for all that. It is true, indeed, that all things will degenerate, when transplanted. The beefsteak, on French ground, prospereth not, neither is the tea other than a feeble and washy imitation, a mongrel composition between Europe and Asia; nevertheless, it is a cheering thing, when away from your country, to see English faces, and to hear English voices, and to feel that you are not left like a child in the dark, or tumbled head-foremost into a mill-pond, in order to learn to swim. I much recommend Mistress Dolly or Dorothy Goodbehere's, who, if she were originally a kitchen-maid, is not so now, but has im-

proved by travelling, without losing the virgin tastes of her native land. She will place before you an orthodox muffin-looking breakfast; tea right from England—eggs ditto, (though this may be dispensed with)—milk and butter such as you might have in Oxford Street or Piccadilly, and coffee of a rich auburn hue, which will not injure you or heat you, as the French doth. At dinner you shall dine in company with honest Englishmen, who despise Frenchmen, as their ancestors did before them, and would no more taste their vinegar wines, and meagre soups, than condescend to speak the jargon which they call their language. Mistress Dorothy Goodbehere always keeps the most comfortable port at Calais, and gives you mock-turtle, and plum-pudding, in perfection. Take by all means her card, on entering the gate; though you should be jostled by a thousand French rascals on the way: they are civil enough now; but once in their clutches, gramercy! you might as well be in the den of Polyphemus. They have

no mercy on an Englishman since the battle of Waterloo; no one can mistake their poisonous cookery any longer. If any one doubts, I would ask him simply why or wherefore are those herds of cats seen prowling and fattening in their court-yards? You do not see them before Mistress Goodbehere's, I warrant you, unless of an age beyond all possibility of fricasseeing.

105. As to beds, Mistress Goodbehere has featherbeds, and comfortable English curtains to boot;—for such conveniencies, who would not bear some occasional detractions, which now and then may arise from the heat of climate, &c. &c.? Mrs. Goodbehere's rooms are warm, and low; floored, and not tiled; have fire-places, and not stoves; and are served by English maids, who speak English, and are as much attached to Englishmen, as if they had never left their country. If they be not quite so neat, and somewhat less active, set it down to bad example and long residence amongst Frenchmen:—still it is a great comfort to be at

your ease, and not to be jeered and gibed at by strangers.

106. Frenchmen bring you up a long bill, with a longer compliment. This I cannot with any tolerable patience abide. I hate the Judas, and would kick him down stairs, if I did not respect myself, and—such as they are—French laws. But an Englishman, though he sometimes may charge you as much, always does it in such a *blunt* honest way, that you dare not for an instant doubt that he has laid out *bona fide* every farthing stated in your bill. You will not have a single syllable of thanks from him, I warrant you, unless he be in as starving and frog-eating a condition as his neighbour. For is not all the obligation on your side? What forced him to leave his comfortable fireside, in Berkshire or Somersetshire, but the desire to rescue you from the annoyances to which you otherwise would have been exposed? Besides, you are his countryman, and Englishmen, it is well known, never take advan-

tage of Englishmen, particularly when travelling.

107. But there be those whose insatiable curiosity, rather than miss gratification, would risk travelling with sharks and crocodiles in preference to not travelling at all. Besides, as Mistress Dorothy does not puff herself, (the English are not a puffing nation, nor does Mistress Dorothy want it,) it is possible on your landing you may fall unwarily into the hands of these cannibals. If so it be, I must only attempt to draw you forth, with as little loss of purse and patience as I can.

In the first place, when a French *commis-saire* or *garçon* comes up with his card, after your leaving the Custom-house, there are two things, one of which you may do,—swear, or look stupid. I presume you *can* do both;—it will immediately set you down as a very great *Milord Anglais*, and confound their importunity into sudden silence and admiration. If they persist, show them your card, which they will mistake for their rival's, and

walk off. Beware a word of French ; it is their duty (they are suppliants, and paid for it) to understand your language, not you theirs.

I care not to which of their hotels you are conducted. Your servant, if English, of course does nothing at all ;—he is twice as English as you are ;—and instead of asking his way, which is below the dignity of man, has gone about the town to find it by the innate resources of his own mind, and will probably be in time to dress you for the evening. Madame relies on you, and the young ladies on mamma. You have therefore a great trust to discharge, which requires head as well as legs. Observe the first Englishman that follows the first Frenchman—accept the augury, and follow him. You may have to choose between Scylla and Charybdis ;—no matter, the choice must be made ;—and you will obtain the consolation of seeing others wrecked before you.

Arrived, let Mamma and Miss wait in the court-yard, and count the windows,—conjecture on the arms of the carriages, and the

cyphers of the calesches,—acquire an appetite from the distant scent (by distance made more sweet) of the ragouts, and praise the beauty of the French sky, which is remarkably different from that of England. In the mean time, do you make right forward for the kitchen, and should you see any thing like rabbit-skins (they are false colours) hanging up outside, take care to prohibit directly every eatable in the shape of salmis, fricasées, &c. Cutlets are safe, if you inspect them beforehand; and so are vegetables, when not in masquerade; and poultry, unless they altogether disappear in the boiling. Then comes the learning of their names of ceremony, otherwise you may order a bel-lows for an omelette, and *vice versâ*. As to wines—drink them not at all,—but make up the deficit by *Eau de vie de Cognac*, which is almost a substitute for our finest port.

108. The first day I should spend in nibbling, lest I should be taken in. Courage will come with knowledge, and both with time and exercise, by degrees. Dinner will

teach you hard names better than a dictionary. The waiter is a very condescending master ; and master and miss, I doubt not, very apt scholars. Mamma may probably be slower,—and as she is of more consequence, it is right, before she ask for any thing, she should take out her pocket vocabulary, and study well what she is about to say. Otherwise she may not only be wrong, but very improper ; and every thing will of course be set down to the account of Monsieur.

109. Should it be winter, you will have great occasion to panegyryze the coal fires of England. Ask the waiter where his carpets are, that you may have the pleasure of comparing the two countries. You need not ask him twice :—he will hide his head and leave the room precipitately. You cannot have a better proof of the vast superiority of your native land.

110. Madame is, or ought to be, ill-humoured—or tired ; the children sleepy ; and Miss ill. Their bed-rooms, of course, smoke, and the smoke of France draweth tears.

Whilst waiting for your trunks, and enveloped in clouds and confusion, take out your pocket-map, and plan, and moralize for to-morrow. This will give an exceeding idea of your philosophy; and you will have your breakfast at the precise hour you order it, the ensuing morning.

111. Should the *commissaire* delay, however, a little longer than you wish—and, against your better feelings, you should be obliged to ring bells and to roar, I beseech you roar with dignity, and as may become *Milord Anglais*. Let the whole hotel be convinced alike of your existence and importance;—but in the very whirlwind of your indignation beget a temperance which may give all things moderation. I have seen some gentlemen behave like giants altogether, both in strength and exercise,—a mistake which I earnestly deprecate, for the sake of travelling, and the nation.

112. Your carriage is three hours later than you had ordered it, and your passport four. Marvel at the insolence of these peo-

ple quietly, and console yourself with the reflection that you are rich enough to buy the whole bureaucracy of Calais. Pay no one, until you are seated in your carriage;—in love, war, and travelling, nothing like taking up a good position. The greater number of claimants, the better. It is common-place to inquire, or understand, the demands of any of them. Scatter a handful amongst beggars and servants,—one cannot be distinguished from the other; and let them pay or be paid as they best like it. Madame hates a crowd, and the horses are restive (if the postilions will take the proper pains);—this, with the chorus of all ages around you, will give great brilliancy to your starting. Your rattle over the pavement afterward, the whips in full glee, and the dogs keeping up with the whips, is a fine stimulant. My blood leaps when I think of it. It is like opening a bottle of champagne.

113. But you have not seen Calais:—*Tant mieux*.—The great art of travelling is knowing what you are *not* to see. Read

your Galignani, or Post Book—and observe, that it is quite true, that there is a church here, and a wall there, and what you believe to be a ditch below,—and a gate, as you know by your passport, and its price,—and something between sand and marsh, and as bad as either, beyond. As to its history, you are not obliged to know more about it than Mr. Brummel.

114. You will now have time and spirits to be angry with the horses, roads, postilions, traces, &c. sympathizing thus with your wife, and paying her the compliment of getting into a passion. The horses are ponies in size and obstinacy, and Rosinantes in every thing else. The postilions are not boots belonging to men, but men belonging to boots; the traces are ropes—fit only for elections, and executions; the roads made for cannons and not carriages;—and the whole country as ugly as a neglected kitchen-garden. If you are fond of the picturesque, shut your eyes: you will constantly run the risk of mistaking vineyards for turnip-fields,

and churches for barns. If you are fond of music, shut your ears; gaiety does not always make a good musician, and the taste of a postilion is spoilt by his profession. You will at last reach your journey's end, I have no doubt,—for which you have to thank your purse as much as your horses.

115. French villages will give you a good idea of their towns. As pence make shillings, and shillings pounds, so villages make towns, and towns cities.—If you wish to read the capital, you must spell it in the hamlets on your way. Paris may be comprehended at Montreuil.

116. On your arriving at any town, beware of looking too narrowly to the signs and names of streets. They will take you for a stranger, and laugh at you; or, what is worse, you will be followed by a dozen and more *guides*, competing for the honour of misleading you. In such a case, you have a large choice, and as it is important you should choose well, you will not think half an hour mis-spent in selecting. The

natural equity of an Englishman will guide you, and astonish the giddy nation amongst whom you have condescended to appear.

117. You must not judge your guide by his exterior. Rags are the livery of the philosopher, and little boys may be men in wisdom. The younger they are, the more communicative,—the poorer, the more intelligent. You will gain a great deal of political information from these urchins, if you know how to ply properly your francs and queries. None are better acquainted with the mysteries of the cabinet; most of them have seen the ex-Usurper—and know to a hair's breadth how the battle of Waterloo was lost and won. If the reviewers or newspaper editors had one of them constantly at their side, they would not make the blunders they do, or would make them with a better grace. Newspapers trim and furbelow their columns from the Note-books of travellers:—now I should like to know where travellers themselves pick up their knowledge, if not from these very guides. A friend of mine

nearly killed one of them by questions, and afterward published every thing he could extract from him, without the least remorse or acknowledgement whatsoever. I met him a few years later in a very sickly state, on my way to Paris; and was surprised to find, in his first half-hour's conversation, half the gentleman's book.

118. If you wish to pump a Republican, abuse the Bourbons and the priests. Frenchmen, you are aware, are very frank; and beggars, *par état*—sincere. You need not doubt, you will have the secret history of every conspiracy from the 18th Brumaire; and an account of the machinations of the Pope, who is to be generalissimo against the Defender of the Faith, whenever he shall have sufficiently disciplined his body-guards the Jesuits, and received official communication (which is expected every day) of the coming of Anti-Christ. If your man be a Royalist, he has probably come to *son petit bien* by the guillotining of half a score of cousins; and therefore, if you will take the trouble to cry

“ *Vive le petit Duc de Bordeaux !* ” you may expect to hear him modestly declare how much he, and his family, intended doing for the Bourbons, had they not been prevented by the conscriptions, “ *et les emplois* ” of the Usurper. There are some people so scrupulous as to ask authority for all this, but it disconcerts the narrator ; and one thing is at least certain,—that being on the spot, and having had the honour of suffering for his Majesty, in the person perhaps of his next-a-kin, he ought to know more about the matter than you or I do. As to any sinister motive or play upon your credulity, I first answer, you are not credulous—John Bull reads and thinks too much for that ; and next, the French are a thoughtless people, and do not know how to act for second ends. There are no weathercocks amongst the lower classes, nor would they sacrifice their principles and veracity for any thing under a double Napoleon.

119. In this way you may gain, in an agreeable manner, a competent knowledge of

the politics of the place. Now for the statistics :—catch an old woman, or a *rentré*, and ask her or him, boldly, for a full and precise account of the quantity of beef, mutton, poultry, vegetables, butter, eggs, wine, land, coats, shoes, snuff-boxes, horses, bonnets, prayer-books, rosaries, sold or to be sold in the district ; the more varieties, the more authentic, proving that there is good faith and honesty. Take your average ; draw up your scale ; and send in your page to the next Review, to prove how France has fallen off during the Revolution.

120. Next to the *commis* and the *valet de place*, your postilion is, by his very place, an authority ; a just measurer of men and things ; a deep weigher of cause and effect ; a nice calculator of “ *mouvemens*,” and a liberal, ultra, *coté droite—gauche—centre*, just as you want or like. Profit therefore, ere it be too late. With some patience, more lungs, a good ear for *patois*, an indifference to rough roads and rude smoking, you are likely, before the end of your journey, to know as

much, and as well, of France past and present, as a deputy. Conceive your superiority over those who stay in England, and imagine the capture of Paris was owing to the Allies, and not to the soldiers of George IV.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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